
WILLIAM AND CHARLES:

OR,

THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

V O L. II.

1578 / 3655.

Godfrey Smith
Novr 10th
WILLIAM AND CHARLES: *142*

O R,

THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WRITTEN IN LETTERS AND NARRATIVE.

By the AUTHOR of LORD WINWORTH, MARIA
HARCOURT, PHOEBE, &c. &c.

"The Prize belongs to none but the sincere."

COWPER.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. STALKER, No. 4, STATIONERS
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

MDCCLXXXIX.



WILLIAM AND CHARLES:
OR,
THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

ELVIRA EVANS,
TO
LOUISA ARMITAGE.

Dublin.
MY DEAR LOUISA,

THERE is an inexpressible pleasure in sympathizing friendship, which only friends can conceive.— Happy am I, in the midst of all my sorrows, though deprived of a fond — a tender mother — happy in the fidelity of Louisa; as, to her, without

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the least reserve, I can freely unbosom my distress, and seek advice.—Sure, without your friendship, I should be a wretch indeed!

Yes, my Dear, it was Mr. Fortescue; and I have seen him again last night. —But why at night?—Why not in the open day?—Alas! because on my account he is here—without the knowledge—the leave of his guardian.—Oh Louisa, the thought stings me!—I cannot see him as often as I wish; and when I *do*, he runs the hazard of detection, and loss of his guardian's esteem—Nor am I less safe.—Should Mr. or Mrs. Framp-ton know that I have held a private converse with Mr. Fortescue, they would very justly look upon me as ungrateful, and deem me unworthy of their future favours.

Mr.

Mr. Fortescue has again repeated his request to give him my hand in private. — I have expatiated much upon the evil consequences which generally attend clandestine weddings, with all the little eloquence that I was mistress of.—He assured me, that when he was of age, which would be in a few months, he would then be happy to publish the wedding. But I candidly told him my dependence; and declared, that before I would take advantage of his love, and marry without the leave of his guardian, (to the hazard of his own fortune, if discovered) I would remain for ever single.—I told him that disguises of any sort were disagreeable to me; prayed him therefore to return to London, from whence he might avow his love, (the sincerity of which I did

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not doubt) and if his guardian had no objections, (as I was sure Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, and the rest of my friends, would not have any) I should be happy to enter the connubial bands.—I observed the danger I was now exposed to.—Being under so many obligations to Mr. Frampton and his lady, what should I do if they discovered our private meetings? If they thought that I was the means of seducing Mr. Fortescue from his studies, and that I encouraged his presence here; which if Sir Walter Headstrong heard of, he must, no doubt, be enraged with me and my friends.—I then intimated (while Betty, the servant, was away) the danger of confiding in an humble domestic.

“ You find (continued I) that she has promised secrecy for money; and
will

will she not, do you think, for the same temptation, divulge it? — Oh Charles! Charles! for Heaven sake return to London before a discovery takes place, which will inevitably be the ruin of both you and me.”

Mr. Fortescue endeavoured to remove my fears—But Oh! my Friend, they are too well grounded. — Ingratitude, I think, a crime of the blackest die; and I would not, for the world, be guilty of it.—I will never act without the leave of Mr. Frampton; nor wrong his lady, who has behaved to me with such maternal good-nature.—Duty and obedience are their's to expect, and mine to pay.—I believe, nay, I am sure, that my kind benefactors would never oppose a wish of mine, that would be in the least conducive to my happiness. The

greater than my crime, if I did not deem them worthy my confidence.— Besides, I know they think favourably of Mr. Fortescue ; and would, on my account, be glad of the union.—I have told Charles this, in hopes that it would encourage him ; but it has served only to increase his sorrow.— He cannot, he says, avow to Mr. and Mrs. Frampton what he must conceal from his guardian.—Did he, he added, reveal to them the fervency of his passion, and the summit of his wishes, certainly Mr. Frampton would consult with Sir Walter, as he is too honourable a character to encourage a minor to what may be deemed the ruin of him and his fortune.—“ When done, (and it cannot be undone) then Mr. and Mrs. Frampton would agree to secrecy for all our sakes.”

I now

I now enquired of Mr. Fortescue why he should harbour doubts of Sir Walter's compliance?—But alas! Louisa, he told me what indeed crushed every remaining hope.

“ I will not (cried he) conceal from my dear Elvira aught that I know.—Sir Walter is an Englishman, and has learned the citizen's command, “ My son get money ;” which he has also applied to his ward, though in the meridian of his age.—He is a stranger to all the feelings of refined Love; and were I to disclose my honourable passion, he would only laugh at, and deride my story.—According to his advice, and the injunctions which last he laid upon me, I have his permission to marry *any* girl that is possessed of a good fortune—for Sir Walter imagines that

that *that* is the All of love and happiness."

"If (cried he) you are so fortunate as to meet with an heiress, marry her immediately. Lose no time in asking my consent, for I give it to you before-hand: but don't be diverted with beauty and family. Beauty is a mere trinket which a child gets to divert him for awhile, and when tired, throws it away for nothing:—and as to family, I tell you, Charles, that a plain *Miss*, with twenty thousand pounds, is far beyond all the *Esquires* which our poor country abounds with—so never marry without she's an heiress."

"When (continued Charles) Sir Walter had thus advised me, I was unacquainted with my Elvira, and
knew

knew not the force of Love ; but now I am apprized of all its pleasures and pains, which makes the absurdity of my guardian's council the more glaring. Aware therefore of the foibles of his disposition, I must *beware* of his resentment ; and cannot, till I am of age, discover our mutual attachment."

Mr. Fortescue, upon this candid confession, perceived my emotions of distress.—He said he thought it is duty to tell his reasons for thus concealing his arrival, and wishing still to conceal his Love from Sir Walter.—I perceived now that all hopes of obtaining Sir Walter's consent were in vain—Alas ! my situation was not that which his guardian would expect.—I am no heiress !—I have no fortune !—Oh Louisa, I am no independent, worthy Mr. Fortescue's love !—This
I in-

I informed Charles; but his pride was hurt at my observations.—He told me he loved me more because I was poor; for he thought that a competency, which he already enjoyed, would be productive of greater tranquillity than if we abounded with unnecessary wealth.—Amiable, disinterested love indeed! — Oh, my Friend, I was charmed with the dear man!

Our interview at this time was very short.—Betty informed us that Mr. and Mrs. Frampton were returned from the visit they were making.—I was obliged to leave Charles, (who indeed left me with great reluctance) and meet my kind benefactors.—They were as civil to me as ever.—Indeed Louisa, I am surprised that an abject wretch as I am, should be treated
with

with such uncommon — such unmerited politeness.

What is the reason of my Louisa's silence?—But you say you will never write without you have News worth communication.—Ah, my dear Friend, is not an account of your health and yourself, News always acceptable?—Believe me, my dear Armitage, it is.—I am never so happy as when I hear of your tranquillity.—Pray then use the pen as often as you can; and in return; believe me

Your sincere friend,

E. EVANS.

P. S. My mother, I hear, is still in the same melancholy way—Kind Heaven give her ease!!!

LOUISA

LOUISA ARMITAGE,

TO

ELVIRA EVANS.

I Thank you, my Dear, for your last unexpected favour; and must inform you that the cause of my late silence was owing to the coming home of our new lodger.—I have told you already that the gentleman was acquainted with Mr. Fortescue: I can now assure you, my Dear, that he is his most particular friend, and knows every thing about you and Charles.—His conversation (which is indeed very entertaining) has engrossed the best part of my time: it is only now that I could take up the pen, and write to my friend.—I am exceedingly well
pleased

pleased with Mr. Jefferson (for that is the gentleman's name)—His behaviour and manners, are indeed very engaging.

——I am not sorry now, that Mr. Groveby has lett the first floor: to be sure, at first, I was exceedingly vex'd; for I know my uncle does not want money; but he thought the house was too large, and was resolved to dispose of some of it.—As it has happened, I am very well pleased: indeed I wanted a person in the house (especially as my dear Elvira has left me) with whom I could chat an hour or so.—My uncle is old—Old people are cross—and cross people very disagreeable.——You may remember, my Dear, how Mr. Groveby would now and then interrupt our privacy; especially when my dear Elvira was telling me her story.—Apropos—I

have told Mr. Jefferson all about it.—He heard a part of it before. However, Good soul! he would not stop my tongue in its career; so I continued my gabble till I was tired.

Mr. Groveby and his tenant are become quite *bon* companions: indeed my uncle wanted one to make him a little cheerful.—They supped together last night: it was my uncle gave the invitation; and bade me to have what friends in the neighbourhood I wished.—I requested the company of Widow Bloomer, her son and two daughters.—After tea we proceeded to small games—Dear Elvira, it is a long time before I was so merry!—I was ready to jump out of my skin.—We sported with the alphabet first: the letter L came to Mr. Jefferson; and because
I thought

I thought it worth remembrance, the rogue thus proceeded :

“ I love my love with an L, because she is *lovely* ;

“ I hate her with an L, (smiling) because she is
“ *learned* :

“ I carried her to the sign of *Love* ;

“ Treated her upon *Lamb*——Emblem of her
“ Innocence.

“ Her name is *Louisa*,

“ And she lives in *London*.”——

It was not merely the words, but his manner of expressing them, that so much delighted.—I remarked that his compliment did not pass unnoticed.—The Miss Bloomers seemed exceedingly mortified that it was not paid to them.—I saw Jenny now and then turn up her nose ; and her sister Eliza expressed equal displeasure when about releasing our forfeits.—I assure you, my Dear, that Mr. Jefferson testified

the greatest good sense—He was the exact contrast of Bloomer.—Never did I see such a simpleton as that John. —Mr. Jefferson was commanded by the elder Miss Bloomer to kiss the one he loved best; and how do you think he acted, my Dear?—He looked over at me and smiled; as much as to say, *I would if I dare!* and then walked over towards the old lady, and kissed Widow Bloomer.—Admirable! —I never was so pleased in all my life! —Mr. Bloomer was commanded to say an impudent and pretty thing to every one in the room—But alas! I was in pain for the fool.—He stood in the middle of the room like one frightened out of his wits.

My uncle was never so merry in all his life. He sung “Oh the days when I was young,” and twenty other songs, with

with equal glee.—I am very sure that Mr. Jefferson and he will become inseparable.—Indeed I was never so delighted with any young man before—Pray Heaven I don't fall in love!

Well, my Dear, and is it your fixed resolve to keep poor Charles for ever in suspense?—Nay now that's cruel.—For my part, I despise the least appearance of formality, and would be sorry that my dear Elvira should be esteemed one of those weathercocks whose minds are never the same.—But I know your character too well; and though I am sorry for the reason of this delay, yet I must admire it.—But are there no means to discover the affair to Mr. and Mrs. Frampton without revealing it to Sir Walter?—By your account of that old fellow, I think him like your cousin, Mr. Evans.

—Indeed, my Dear, it makes me very uneasy. I am greatly afraid that Mr. Fortescue will, notwithstanding all his pains, be discovered: then, if it be known that he is in Dublin, of course the fair cause will be found out.—How unlucky that my dear Elvira was obliged to leave London!

You have not mentioned how much Mr. Fortescue wants of being of age; as then there can be no obstacle to your happiness.—I am sure Charles is too noble a character ever to revoke the promise he has made in London, and since repeated in Dublin.—Would it not then be better to prevail upon Mr. Fortescue to return to his studies, and (if the time of his minority be short) delay till he is of age: or, as I think it will be a great satisfaction on both sides, suppose, my Dear, you give
your

your consent to a private wedding. When Mr. and Mrs. Frampton hear the cause, they will not, I am sure, upbraid you — No, it is not their nature. — I am fully convinced that they have themselves an esteem for Mr. Fortescue ; since to him you owed your deliverance from the insults of that strange fellow. — How then can they wonder at your partiality ? — No — it is Gratitude and Love !

I hope to hear from my dear Elvira as soon as possible ; and that her next letter may be the forerunner of endless happiness, is the ardent wish of her

Sincere friend,

L. ARMITAGE.

CHARLES

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

TO

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

I Have herein enclosed an answer for my guardian ; which I request you will, upon receipt of this, be so kind as to put into the Post-Office for him. —I have told him in my letter that I am very attentive to my studies, and am much surpris'd how any officious person could endeavour to persuade him that I had left London ; have also promised a strict adherence to his advice, and conclude with warm wishes for his success in every attempt he makes, and ardent prayers that he may obtain a wife worthy of his hand and fortune. —Indeed I am surpris'd that

that Sir Walter did not marry long ago ; but he is far from being an old man ; and since possessed of a considerable fortune, it would be a shame for him to remain single.

I have been candid to my dear Elvira, and freely informed her of my guardian's character. But Oh ! my Friend, she is still unwilling—still averse to a clandestine wedding ; and by endeavouring to dissuade me from the thought, and prevail upon me to return to London till I am of age, discourages my present addresses.—Alas ! Seven months of my minority remain ; and many may be the vicissitudes in life ere the expiration of that time ! —My dear Elvira is young and charming—She cannot but have many admirers—and if, by the recommendations of her friends, a rival should supplant

plant me, Oh William, What should I do?—But you will tell me I am creating sorrow for myself, and that Miss Evans is too sincere to admit of another's addresses.—Ah, William, it is the best way to be provident in time.—I make no doubt but my dear Elvira *is* sincere.—I know she loves me well.—But why delay our happiness? — Gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Frampton.—She will not, she says, marry, till she can first inform them, for fear of displeasing them; and, by the same rule, she may marry to *please* them.—Should Mr. Frampton propose another match to her, Gratitude may prompt her to the acceptance; and as she has so long delayed our happiness, she may in like manner forfeit it for ever.—Oh, my Friend, this thought distracts me!—How could I
bear

bear to see her in another's arms?— See my happy triumphant rival, spite of my prior claim and the birthright of my passion, feed on those charms once designed for me!—Oh Jefferson! Jefferson! the very thought alarms me!—Seven Months are Seven Years, when the mind is kept in anxious expectation, and hourly fears the loss of all that it holds dear.

I wish my friend could learn the mad-house where my dear Elvira's mother is confined.—Could I, by your information, tell her now and then how her beloved parent is, I know it would yield much to her satisfaction.—Miss Evans has not yet hinted any thing of the matter; and I am unwilling, except I could administer relief, to begin a disagreeable subject.—Surely, surely, she cannot think that the misfortunes

fortunes of a parent, could in any measure alienate my affections—Idle notion!—and must be foreign from my dear Elvira's heart. — Pray William enquire.—It would be a great consolation to me to know about her. — Melancholy mad! — Methinks there must be some hidden reason, some domestic sorrow, whence this madness originates.—How could my friend send me such an imperfect account?—Miss Armitage certainly knows the reason; and will she not, do you think, disclose the cause as readily as she has done the story?—Really, my Friend, it would oblige me much; for, I confess, on my Elvira's account, I feel within me a sympathetic sort of pity for this unfortunate woman.—Perhaps the murder of her husband, or some similar misfortune, has been the fatal cause:

cause: but then the cause would have been public, and the mother's insanity could not have been so long concealed from her child.—Besides, as my dear Elvira never remembers her father, it must be some more recent misfortune than his death that has turned the brains of a solitary widow.—Ah! my Friend, if you can find her out, for my sake administer that balmy consolation which her sorrow requires.—What does Miss Armitage think?—Is there no likelihood of recovery?—Does her precarious condition baffle all the art of medicine?—Pray excuse my repetitions: they proceed from real undisssembled pity.

It is now the time, that disguised by night, I hasten to meet my dear Elvira.—Our interview is romantic indeed!—in a rural walk, leading to the garden of Mr. Frampton's house,

where "the pale moon and stars alone are conscious of the theft," we fly to one another's arms. — The servant generally apprizes me of her young mistress's approach; and as my dear Elvira has now made it a custom to take a walk about this time, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Frampton wonder at her absence.—Being muffled up in a great coat, I escape the eyes of suspicion. However, I am determined to take a lodging near Mr. Frampton's; where, under a borrowed name, I may remain concealed, and see my dear Elvira when every opportunity arrives.

Forgive my haste—the cause is Love
—and believe me to be

Your's sincerely,

C. FORTESCUE.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA EVANS,

TO

LOUISA ARMITAGE.

ALAS! my Dear, a most unavoidable accident prevented me from seeing Mr. Fortescue last night.

About the time of our assignation, when poor Charles was waiting for me behind the garden, Timothy (Mr. Frampton's butler) came in; and, by the way of appearing a very honest, circumspect man, assured his master that there was a thief hankering behind the garden, whose intention he knew must be very bad, for he was muffled in a great coat, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, and every now and then peeping into the garden.

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Mr.

Mr. Frampton gave immediate orders that the doors should be locked. Timothy bowed consent, and departed; at the same time remarking that he would speak to the fellow.—*Fellow!*—I could have discharged him that moment with infinite pleasure for the opprobrious term.—Sure Charles has no appearance of a thief!—Oh! my dear Louisa, to what perplexities, flurs and hazards, has my dear Fortescue exposed himself on my account!

When Timothy had departed, I was about preparing for my usual walk; but Mr. Frampton, out of good-nature indeed, prevented me.

“My dear girl, you must not go out to-night: ’tis late, and you hear how some person is hankering about, and nobody can tell for what.”

“But,

“ But, Sir, I shan’t go out of the garden: indeed I am never afraid when my servant is with me.”

“ Your servant is but a weak defence. — Don’t you remember how once you were insulted. I had then promised never to let you go abroad again unprotected.”

“ Dear Sir, but the garden and meadows threaten no danger.”

“ Yes, my Child, they do.—Forgive my assiduity: I am uneasy on your account.—This person, perhaps may be waiting for a private opportunity to see you.—Your charms are more than common, and will entice the spoiler to seize the most secret mode of gratifying his desire.—You have no Fortescue here to defend you!—No Charles to return home with you!”

However, Mr. Frampton perceiving that I had still a wish to walk, not willing to baulk my intentions, proposed to come out with me himself.—This, I could by no means admit.—His presence would entirely spoil all.—But I could not, however, mortified as I was, forbear admiring his goodness, and thanking him for his kindness; the acceptance of which I evaded, by recollecting that Mrs. Frampton was in her chamber indisposed, and that I would not deprive her of his company, but proposed to give up all thoughts of my walk, and follow him up stairs to entertain his lady with cards.—Previous to this, I scribbled a few lines with an aching heart indeed, and begged my maid to give them to Charles, that he may know the reason of this cruel disappointment.—

pointment.—I then went up stairs, with a countenance of borrowed gaiety, and sat down to cards with Mr. and Mrs. Frampton and an old maiden neighbour.

The circumstance of poor Charles strolling about, was repeatedly told.—Miss Underwood (that being the lady's name) told a dozen frightful stories of thieves and murderers; all owing, she said, to the wickedness and treachery of servants.—She applauded Timothy greatly for his vigilance; and against my will, I was obliged to join in his praise. But she alarmed poor Mrs. Frampton so much, that the bell was rung for Timothy, and fresh orders given for the doors to be locked and bolted.

Our neighbour, Miss Underwood, now mentioned that there was a person

son at her house the preceding night, looking for a lodging ; but on account of the lateness of the hour, and the muffled-up appearance he made, she was led to imagine he was no better than he should be. On enquiring his name, he hesitated, then told her it was Morton, but he could refer her to nobody for his character. However, he said he would call again that night, and give her every satisfaction.—She had left word, she said, with her maid, provided he came again, to send him to Mr. Frampton's.

I did not want penetration enough to know that this unhappy suspected person was Charles still ; who for convenience sake, wishes to be nearer me. I dreaded this as well as other threatening dangers, and feared that
one

one way or other my dear Mr. Fortescue would be discovered.

After the first rubber of whist, Timothy came up with a long face, portending the greatest misfortunes.—Oh Louisa, I was frightened out of my wits!—I laid down my cards.—He begged to speak in private with Mr. Frampton, for fear he might alarm his mistress; and God knows, by the prelude of his story, we were all alarmed already.

Mr. Frampton commanded him to say openly whatever he had to discover; upon this, Timothy looking about with all the fears of an informer, proceeded:

“I am very sorry, Sir, to inform you, that I am afraid Mrs. Betty is the sole cause of this strange fellow’s haunting the house.—Upon my mistress’s

trefs's charge of doubly fastening the doors, I went down stairs, and notwithstanding my previous locking them, perceived them now open.—My curiosity was excited.—I went into the garden, and all about the garden; and at last perceived Madam Betty with the very identical fellow that I saw before, in deep conversation together. Upon seeing me they immediately took leave, and he, with as much speed as possible, made off."

General consternation was the issue of this story: but alas! Louisa, I was the most concerned; as now I thought that a discovery of Mr. Fortescue's person must inevitably follow.—I endeavoured to acquit poor Betty as much as possible; and observed, that as far as I could penetrate, she was most remarkably honest.

"Ah!

“ Ah ! but (cried the officious Miss Underwood) we must not confide in appearances.—The case is plain, my dear. — This is some sweetheart of Betty’s.—He is deluding the girl with a promise of marriage, merely for the sake of robbing the house.—I assure you I shan’t be at all amazed if I hear to-morrow you are robbed.”

The fears of my friends were now increased by the perverse officiousness of this creature ; it was accordingly agreed upon that Betty should be called up and examined. Timothy was therefore ordered to summon her up in the chamber.

Oh ! Louisa, you cannot conceive the tremor I was in.—To be sure this was a time to be convinced of Betty’s sincerity : but the conflict was too great.—I could not suppose that a domestic,

domestic, like her, would on my account hazard her place.—Hope and Fear had their alternate reign: but the latter, my Friend, was more predominant.—At last Betty appeared; and, by a fly wink, which unperceived she gave me, encouraged me to hope that the name of Fortescue would still be dormant.—Miss Underwood proceeded first to examine.—Betty hesitated—and ah me! my fear returned.

“ Betty, (cried Mr. Frampton) Are not you aware of the sin of endangering that property which a master entrusts his servant with ?”

“ Perfectly, Sir.”

“ How comes it then that you hold a private converse with a man whom Timothy has remarked for hankering about the door ?”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, (replied Betty with uncommon fortitude) I hope you will hear me with as much patience as you have done Mr. Timothy ; and I assure you, Sir, that I will confess the whole truth.”

“ Certainly.—Go on.”

Oh ! my Friend, I was still apprehensive. — Betty’s sedate manner of promising a confession, filled me with the utmost suspense.

Miss Underwood, before Betty proceeded, took care to forewarn her of the danger of telling lies ; and with rhapsodical menaces of brimstone and fire, almost terrified myself.—At last the honest girl thus proceeded :

“ A few days ago, Sir, Mr. Timothy proposed a marriage to me.—He promised to make me a very happy house-keeper, and no longer dependant upon

servitude.—I attended to his proposal, and told him I should think of it; but happening to discover from a relation of my brother's that Mr. Timothy was married already, and had left his poor wife, I candidly assured him the reason of my declining the match, and at the same time told him he was an infamous fellow for using his wife so ill, and wanting to deceive me.—From that hour, Sir, I saw he was bent upon revenge; determined, I suppose, upon removing me, and substituting one in my place that would be easily deluded.—He ask'd me repeatedly to tell the name of my informer; but I absolutely refused it; not willing, on my account, that a friend should be exposed to his capricious humour.—Now Sir, I suspect by his behaviour to-night, that he has dis-

discovered that that man whom he has represented as a spy and thief, was the very person that told me of his treachery ; and because he was afraid that Mr. Timothy meant me some harm, (which I don't know but what he did) was resolved to watch him.— My *good* fellow-servant has therefore taken these despicable means (hoping to have him apprehended and me discharged) of being revenged upon us both.”

Never was a story delivered with more plausibility and seeming truth, in respect to my Charles, than this.—I corroborated the tale, by assuring Mr. and Mrs. Frampton that I had heard Betty tell me before about Timothy wanting her to marry him, and being married already ; (which, Louisa, I did) and that I accordingly

advised her to take great care of herself.

By Miss Underwood's desire, Timothy was next summoned; and being interrogated by his master whether or no he had ever proposed marriage to Betty, he was obliged to answer in the affirmative. — Every doubt was now removed. — He was immediately dismissed, with the character of a vindictive, officious fellow, and Betty recommended for her candour and honesty.

I would not be the means (and that I am sure my Louisa knows) of being the ruin of a domestic, either by her losing her place, or getting the habit of lies. — Betty is however retained; and her story in respect to Timothy (who I know was instigated more by revenge than any concern for his master's

master's property) was in every syllable truth.

But scarcely had we played the first hand of another rubber, when Miss Underwood (who is never happy, I believe, but when she is meddling) told Mr. and Mrs. Frampton that they ought to make Betty bring the man to their house to prove what she had said.

“ I assure you (continued she) that circumspection is very necessary.—We cannot be too much upon our guard: so I advise you by all means to see this man, and hear if what he will say coincides with Betty's story.”

I was extremely provoked with this busy old woman, and became apprehensive of her renewing our danger. I made therefore many occasional remarks to prove the absurdity of this caution.

“ If (cried I) Betty was inclined to be deceitful, how easy would it be for her to bring a confederate, and prompt him what he should say?— But I am well assured of her truth and integrity; and must think, that when a person *is* honest, to be still doubtful and suspicious, must certainly hurt their pride and feelings, if they have any.”

“ Nay, don’t tell me, Miss Evans, of pride and feelings—If I found my servant to be proud, I should immediately discharge her—and as to feelings, I am positive there are none of these degenerate wretches that have any.”

“ Then they must be *wretches* indeed!—But you and I, Miss Underwood, differ in opinion.—I cannot suppose, because depending upon servitude,

tude, they are bereft of feelings.—We are all dependent, some more and some less.—If we have affluence, still we depend upon Providence for health to keep it; and I should be sorry to think that the mind should alter with our situations.—The slave must feel as well as his master.—Are humanity, gratitude, and all the noble passions, to be erased?—As to pride, Madam—there is a pride both proper and becoming, which will prevent even servants stooping to a mean action.”

Never did my oratory so much avail me: it absolutely amused Miss Underwood from making other proposals, and prevented Mr. or Mrs. Frampton from following her advice.

The old lady, however, could not forbear her recommendation of prudence and caution.

“ I have

“ I have found the good effects of it (cried she)—Let me alone for circumspection. — Ah ! Had I been among the Trojans when the Wooden Horse was sent, the Greeks should not have slept so long in quiet.—I engage I would have pulled them all out by the noses.”

Poor Miss Underwood would have made a longer speech of this, had not Mrs. Frampton (her partner) by playing a wrong card, put an end to the subject; which, notwithstanding she won both rubbers, disconcerted her greatly.

I was now easy for awhile, till Mr. Frampton, at supper, having mentioned the kindness of Mr. Fortescue, the old woman started at the name.

“ What ? Do you know Mr. Fortescue,” cried Mrs. Frampton.

“ Not


“ Not personally, Madam: but one of his relations I have the pleasure of being acquainted with. — She is an old lady.—I saw her for the first time at the Assembly last Tuesday; and I assure you, Madam, it is reported that Mr. Fortescue is here.”

“ Here!—(echoed Mr. Frampton) —Impossible!—He would certainly have called upon me.—I wish to Heaven I was sure of it.”

“ Then (returned Miss Underwood) I shall make it my business to enquire: and I assure you, Sir, that I seldom undertake any thing without accomplishing it to my own and every body's satisfaction.”

I never was so tired of an old lady's company in all my life.—I could have affronted her with pleasure.—To tell
the

the truth, Louisa, I was very keen in my observations, and sharp in all my answers.—Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, I believe, perceived the dislike I had for her; however they hinted nothing.—They have invited her to dine with us to-morrow, and I understand that some strangers are expected.—Alas! Louisa, I am ill-suited for company—Solitude has been my general wish.—How happy am I now while in my own chamber alone and writing this.—Oh Louisa, the Muse inspires me on the subject!—Forgive me then, if for the present I give her her way, and indulge myself a moment with the pen.—You know I am at times poetic-mad.—Excuse my innocent frenzy, and accept for conclusion this humble



ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL dreary Solitude!—remote
From all the public haunts of men!
Where Silence reigns—where Poets wrote
Their genuine offsprings of the pen!
Here pious Grief delights to dwell:
The Anchorets' retreat is here—
Conceal'd—obscure—that tongue nor ear
Shall neither hear them, nor their actions tell.

Oh Solitude! rever'd and fought
By ev'ry child of pale-fac'd Woe;
To cherish the heart-breaking thought,
Whence trickling tears of sorrow flow.
There, unmolested and unknown,
Pale Meditation wraps the mind;
And pleasure in our pain we find,
To weep betimes—unpitied—and alone.

To thy abode—thy far abode—
Oh Solitude! will Damon stray:
The hapless Exile takes the road,
And chides his Sylvia on the way.

Sylvia—

Sylvia—so cruel and unkind,
That drives him hence—no years remove
The joy and sorrow of his love;
For Time engraves them deeper on the mind.

To you, ye mansions of the sad,
Love unrequited flies—from you
The Fancies spring—and Bombast mad,
And weedy Rhapsody ensue.—
Thou Solitude can’st aid the rhyme,
While the expressive melting line,
Flows with such harmony divine!
Such lofty strains!—melodious and sublime.

Your’s, &c.

E. EVANS.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA EVANS,
TO
LOUISA ARMITAGE.
(In Continuation.)

MY DEAR LOUISA,

SURELY I was born to be miserable!—Every day brings forth some addition to my pain.—Poor Charles and I can never have an opportunity of meeting again!—But I will not keep my friend in suspense.—You must know that Mr. Frampton and Sir Walter Headstrong are acquainted: he was one of the strangers that dined with us yesterday.—Dinner was exceedingly late; and as they all took a walk in the garden towards the close of the evening, it was impossible

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for

for me to see my Charles.—I know he was waiting for me.—Betty would have told him the reason, and my embarrassment, but dreaded Timothy's detection; who, since her story last night, bears the strongest antipathy to her.

After dinner, the officious, busy Miss Underwood mentioned Mr. Fortescue's name, and insisted upon it that the young gentleman was in Dublin.

“Impossible! (cried Sir Walter)—I heard so myself: but it is impossible.—Why, I have a letter in my pocket from him, wherein he tells me that he is studying hard at the Temple.”

“But Sir, Mrs. Walpole (who would not for the world tell a lie) has absolutely seen him—Yes, and what is more, *I* have seen him too, and did not know it before.”

“But

“ But look at this letter, Madam— only a week’s date.”

“ But, Sir, he has been about lodgings in my house.”

“ Poo ! poo ! poo !—he can’t be both here and there—impossible !”

“ Dear Sir Walter, hear me.— I have made it my business to know.— Mrs. Walpole was with me this morning— Your ward (who told me his name was Morton) came in a coach ; but upon seeing my friend at the window, ordered the man to turn and drive away immediately.”

“ I should be very happy to see Mr. Fortescue,” cried several in the company, particularly Mr. Frampton, who a little after took Sir Walter aside, and had a very long conversation.— I suppose he told him Charles’s kind attention to me when in London.— I was not a little pleased at this idea : for

should ever the intended union between me and Charles take place, it is much better that his guardian should know of our secret love by degrees.

Miss Underwood, on Sir Walter's return to the company, began the painful subject about Charles afresh.—Was ever such a provoking woman?—What pains she takes to renew a subject that was disagreeable.—But Sir Walter being as obstinate as her, it was a fine theme for argument: Miss Underwood vouching for the authenticity of Mrs. Walpole, and Sir Walter arguing upon the impossibility of a man being in Dublin and writing a letter from London.—To be sure the oddness of Mr. Fortescue's project, would baffle Credibility itself.

Sir Walter was exceedingly polite to me; and being the guardian of my Charles, I took particular pains to be
attentive

attentive to him.—He paid me many compliments ; which I assure you, Louisa, I was not a little proud of.

I have written another letter to Mr. Fortescue, but had not as yet an opportunity of conveying it to him.—I thought it necessary to put him on his guard, and inform him how Sir Walter and Mr. Frampton are acquainted.

Oh Louisa, I am very unhappy, not having seen Charles now two days !—I am filled with a thousand apprehensions.—Pray Heaven no accident may happen him !

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

Betty has just departed, unknown to any in the house, in search of Mr.

Fortescue.—I sincerely hope she may find him.

Alas! my Friend, I see nothing but a series of misfortunes before me!—Blame me not, I pray, for a supposed creation of accidents—they are inevitable!——If I elope with Mr. Fortescue, my Gratitude may be very justly called in question by the best—the kindest of men and women—Mr. and Mrs. Frampton——and if, in this cruel situation, I forsake poor Charles, I should most deservedly lose his affections.——I cannot marry, and I cannot ———. Oh Charles! Charles! Why did you so rashly follow me?——My dear Louisa write soon, and advise

Your unhappy friend,

E. EVANS.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

DEAR CHARLES,

WHAT in the name of wonder have you done to your adversary the devil, that he should put so many sudden obstacles into your way?—But I shall no longer write riddlingly—A letter from your guardian, which I have just received, and for your satisfaction enclose, will soon *riddle-mere* the matter.—I shan't trouble you with any anecdotes of myself, as I know you won't be in a humour for perusing them—suffice it to say that Miss Armitage and I are
very

very often together. — Pray let me know by return of post how I am to act for you in this intricate matter.

I am,

Your's, &c.

W. JEFFERSON.

P. S. I have kept the letter which your guardian mentions in his, till I receive your commands about it.

SIR

SIR WALTER HEADSTRONG,

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

CHARLES,

IT is very extraordinary that the people here insist upon it that you have left London and are actually now in Dublin.—Let me tell you, Sir, that if you are here, it is very impertinent of you to be giving me all this trouble of writing to you *in another place*—But I can't believe it.—I receive your answers, and I know they are your hand-writing — How then do you divide yourself?—Can you be *hic et ubique*, Charles?—I vow it is very surprising.—There must be some one
here

here exceedingly like you; for two or three have now insisted upon it.—I assure you, Charles, if I meet any one here with *your* face, I shall play the very devil with him, and write all about it to you afterwards.

But come, as I must have immediate proof of your being in London, wait upon Dr. Browne, Pall-mall; (*in propria persona*, if you please) and as I understand from Mr. Frampton, a new friend of mine, that he knows you, we have preferred him for the purpose; for, if *he* certifies it, no doubt of your being in London can then remain. — You are to give him Mr. Frampton's best compliments, (and mine, Sir) with the enclosed letter, which is to let him know that I am violently in love with Miss Evans; and as I flatter myself that the young
lady

lady is not averſe to me, (having the laſt and only time of our interview, paid me very great attention) I ſhall take it exceedingly kind of him if he will ſend word to Mr. Evans, ſomewhere in the country, and a diſtant relation of her's, that I mean, with his permiſſion, to marry her immediately.—She is a very fine girl, Charles!—You have ſeen her, I am told, when ſhe was in London—What ſay you then? Don't you approve of my choice?—Pray then be expeditious; for

“ I feel my blood mounting,

“ Like ſtreams in a fountain,

“ Which merrily ſparkle and play.”

You ſee, Charles, I have taken your advice: I will marry.—But beware—No leſs than an heiſs, Charles, ſhall be *your* wife.—I have a fortune ſufficient

sufficient for myself; but you are not half affluent enough.—There is a difference, Charles—You must be provident, Boy: therefore I will repeat my declaration—if you play the fool with any girl of but a few pounds, I will never speak to you as long as I live, but adhere to your father's will, which won't allow you a shilling then. —Mind that—Not a shilling!—It is expressed in the will, “If you marry while under age, she must have a fortune; or you shall have none.” —You understand—Have none —Yes, yes, you must understand it —it's as plain as a *pike-staff*.

Be sure, upon the receipt of this, to do as I bid you.—Dr. Browne! that is his name—perhaps you don't remember him, but he must—he saw you at Mr. Frampton's—I am glad to hear,
Charles,

Charles, you keep such good company
—you did not while you were here—
No—there was that bouncing, flying,
ranting scoundrel, William Jefferson,
I mean—What's become of him?
—— Oh! he was the ruin of a
thousand!—I never liked him—a mis-
chievous dog!——I hope you don't
correspond with him—but I am told
he has left this—Ah the runagate!—
his exits will be quick every where.
—— But I can delay no longer—I
must see Miss Evans to-day.—Be as
expeditious as possible, and write im-
mediately to

Your humble servant,

W. HEADSTRONG.

CHARLES FORTESQUE, Esq.

T O

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

OH William, you have made me inexpressibly unhappy by the enclosure in your last!—What can be done?—Sir Walter my rival!—Alas! it is too true.—Yesterday I was told by Betty (Elvira's servant) that he dined with Mr. Frampton: his letter has confirmed my fears.—He is in love with my Elvira; and as her friends here have countenanced his proposal, alas! William, there are little doubts but Mr. Evans will give his permission.—Oh Heavens! I shall run distracted!—Three days now, with the seeming slow pace of three months, have

have expired without seeing, even for a moment, my dear Elvira!—One of Mr. Frampton's servants has perceived me; and, as I understand from Betty, it was with the greatest difficulty that Miss Evans and she could dissuade Mr. Frampton from pursuing me.—I am discovered too—Mrs. Walpole has seen me, when I was about taking lodgings.—Oh! my Friend, how unfortunate I am!—Pray Heaven, as now the danger is become so imminent, I could prevail upon my dear Elvira to elope with me.—I disregard fortune: I will run the hazard—but alas! Miss Evans will not.—Gratitude forbids her—and Oh! my Friend, as I said before, that same Gratitude may make her *now* Lady Walter.—Oh Heavens! the thought distracts me! —But say, William, is there no al-

ternative?—You, once so famous for contrivances, can you now form no project?—What shall we do about Dr. Browne and the letter?—If my guardian hears that I have left London and my studies, or have suppressed his favour to the Doctor, I am ruined for ever—But I have it: I will be sick—some accident has happened which prevents me from seeing him.—Yet I should wish to know what Mr. Evans would say—perhaps he might not consent—perhaps——. Oh William, if some means were contrived to postpone the wedding for seven months, I did not care; then I will be my own master, and all the power—the ascendancy of Sir Walter, shall not prevent my wish.

I pray then wait on Dr. Browne
——though no—that cannot be——

you

you see my guardian dislikes you ; and should he hear that we are still connected, may at this critical time, now towards the period of my minority, become inveterate against me.

I request then, my Friend, that you will provide some trusty person (Emmet, or any other of your new acquaintances) who will undertake the business. Let him wait upon Dr. Browne ; and after delivering the letter, under pretence of friendship, expatiate upon my guardian's being rather elderly ; and intimate that in case Mr. Evans gives his consent, the parties should know one another's disposition better, being only as yet a few days acquainted ; therefore that the marriage rites should not be consummated these twelve months. — Oh !

my Friend, if you contrive this, then will

———“ My gloomy soul cheer up,
“ My hopes revive, and gladness dawn within
me.”

Nor is it I think impracticable.—I conjure you then to lose no time: in the interim I have enclosed an answer to my guardian, letting him know, in order to prevent suspicion, that I shall perform his request as soon as possible—It is easy to feign sickness afterwards.

Oh William, for my sake exert yourself. It is a difficult piece of business, I confess; but I hope still to surmount all difficulties.

“ Time may have yet a fated hour to come,
“ Which wing’d with happiness, may overtake
“ Occasion past——.”

But

But should my dear Elvira be persuaded by her's and my guardian to give away her hand—Oh 'tis “An alarm to Love!”—What would become of me?—Yet surely, surely, she cannot be false to her Charles, who has for her sake risked character and fortune — Impossible. — Dear William, be kind then ; and that you may never know the pain of disappointed, rivall'd love, shall be the constant prayer of your now unhappy friend,

C. FORTESCUE.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA EVANS,
TO
LOUISA ARMITAGE.

ALAS! my Friend, my embarrassments are become still greater!—Sir Walter, the guardian of my Charles, has made proposals for me: he says my politeness and attention to him have entirely subdued him.—Unfortunate indeed!—Shall I—must I—by a desertion for Sir Walter's sake, whom I cannot love, repay the ardent passion of Charles, who has involved himself in so many difficulties on my account?—Never—never.—Surely Mr. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, are too good—they would not undo all their former doings

doings by an act now of compulsion, and making miserable the life I owe to their preservation.—I will not give my hand away without their permission, and it ought not therefore to be asked without my own.

I was thunderstruck indeed when Sir Walter this morning paid *me* a visit and intimated his design.—He has procured the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, and is actually in treaty for Mr. Evans's.—I trembled at his hints, and not knowing how to evade his suit, as it behoved me not to incur his displeasure, I stammered out my determination of not changing situations till my poor mother was restored to her senses.

“ I cannot (I cried) partake of any *happiness* till my unfortunate parent is again herself.”

But

But alas ! Sir Walter attributed this refusal to my maiden fears ; and by the way of convincing me what a progress he was making towards my *happiness*, as well as proving how his ward was still in London, (as he thinks) he shewed me a letter that he had just received from Charles, whom he had commissioned to apply to Dr. Browne, (that physician, Louisa, under whose care my unhappy mother is) and try for the consent of Mr. Evans. —He left me the letter (after some hesitation though, as I am, thank Charles, much abused in it) to shew Miss Underwood if she called, and confute Mrs. Walpole's assertion of his ward's being in Dublin ; but I would not for the world let any one see it except my friend, for whose sake I transcribe it.

“ To

“ *To Sir Walter Headstrong.*

“ I Am sorry that my guardian maintains such a bad opinion of his ward as to think I could leave London without his consent. Some person that owes me a grudge, must have made the report: but the Irish are famed for *double eyes*: they have often seen the *ghosts* of persons that have been alive and absent.

“ I hope, though I have received the account of your intentions with great *pleasure*, that my guardian won't be too precipitate on account of my humble advice.—Miss Evans I do remember; but think the young lady is too gay for Sir Walter: she wants solidity; and indeed (so short is your acquaintance) must want a proper esteem

esteem for you.—I should upon no account recommend *her* to you; but my guardian has the better right to judge for himself.

“ I have, according to your request, waited upon Dr. Browne; but that gentleman is in the country with a patient. I repeated my visit, expecting he had returned; but the person with whom he is, still continues very bad. Amused with hopes of seeing him, and not choosing to leave your letter with the servant, I could not write by the return of post as you requested. I shall make it my business to call upon him as soon as I hear he is in town.

“ I have been exceedingly ill these two days. The surgeon, whom I applied to, has bade me leave off study for awhile. He was afraid, I believe, it would terminate in a fever.

“ I hope,

“ I hope, on my return to Dublin, to find my guardian happy and well; but I wish he may act with due consideration, and not resemble many, who, through greedy hopes of happiness, have made themselves eternally miserable. That such false content may not be the lot of Sir Walter, is the sincere wish of his

Dutiful ward,

C. FORTESCUE.”

Has he not, Louisa, written the above with infinite skill?—I assure you that his character of me (which well I know was foreign from my dear Charles’s real opinion) was far more preferable and agreeable to me than all the flattering strains of Sir Walter.

I have a great inclination, Louisa, to disclose my heart to Mrs. Frampton.

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I am

I am sure when she hears my candid declaration that I could never love Sir Walter sufficient to make him my husband, the matter will never be hinted again. — This I am resolved upon doing the very first opportunity that offers.

Write soon, my dear Louisa; and if Mr. Jefferson has mentioned any thing about Charles's embarrassment, I pray impart it to

Your affectionate friend,

E. EVANS.

LOUISA

LOUISA ARMITAGE,

TO

ELVIRA EVANS.

I Have been extremely concerned for my dear Elvira's distress.—What could Sir Walter mean by making his pretensions to you?—I protest there is a sort of infatuation which generally possesses these old fellows!—When they should be thinking of their prayers and dissolution, they commence Amorofo's on a sudden, and nothing will suffice but Youth and Beauty.—I shan't be surpris'd to hear that my uncle, Mr. Groveby, is to-morrow or next day a Beau and a Lover!—But that would be a strange revolution indeed—for he, of all men,

is perhaps the strangest—the most difficult to be pleased.

Yesterday, while I was reading one of your letters and entertaining myself with the verses you sent, Mr. Groveby being in the next room, overheard me.

“Heyday!—What’s that—Poetry?”

“Yes Sir—Elvira’s Poetry——An Ode—Would you wish to read it?”

“Not I indeed—I am sorry to find your friend has nothing else to do.—I hate your Poetry and Poets—they are all lies and liars.”

“But Fiction, Uncle, is edifying sometimes.”

“Well, I have a right to dislike it.—Tell your friend not to be scribbling in that manner.—Poets!—To what good end do they ever come?—Do they not often beg, starve, and court self-

self-destruction as the sole cure for their pangs ?”

My uncle, I believe, had been acquainted with some unfortunate poet, that had occasioned these remarks.— I confessed to him that there were many bards, who for the want of friends and interest, have remained in obscurity or perished in oblivion ; all owing, I added, to the “ coldness of Great ones when Merit begs”—that more shame therefore for the present times, which withhold their protection from men of desert, and give the bays to fools and poetasters. — Mr. Groveby was silent—and having thus defended my dear Elvira’s Muse, I may with just reason expect a continuance of her favours.

Mr. Jefferson is continually abroad now : I believe about Mr. Fortescue’s

H 3 business.

business.—The house is exceedingly dull—no visitors but the Bloomers, whose company I could dispense with.—By what I understand of the character of *your* old lady, they are all a set of *Underwoods*; and happy would it be for the world, as well as for you and me, that these creatures were excluded it.—I hope my dear Elvira's next may be more favourable.—Believe me, nothing so much as your happiness can add to the satisfaction of

Your's sincerely,

L. ARMITAGE.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

A Master-piece upon my soul!— Well, Charles, I shall give you the palm for contrivance.—I must think though, that you are somewhat indebted for your learning and improvement to that *mischievous dog* whom your guardian has so freely described: but you shall hear how well I have improved upon your plan.

Not choosing to go to Dr. Browne myself, for the reasons you have mentioned, I went in search of Mr. Emmet, of whom I thought I might ask this little favour; but this gentleman was not in the way.—Amused with
the

the hopes of finding his daughter, he has gone about seven miles off, and has left word that he won't be in town till to-morrow twelve o'clock; at which time he has begged a private conference with me—but about what—Heaven knows.

I thought now that I should be obliged to postpone your business, consequential as it was, till the next day: while therefore musing upon the ill consequences of delay, who should I meet but Master Moreland, the School-master, or more properly speaking the Chubberhead, that came up in the stage-coach with me. — A thought struck me that he would be the man for my business; so renewing my acquaintance with him, I begged to know in the name of wonder what brought him away from his school?

“ School !

“School! (echoed he with a look of contempt)—Ah! Mother, father, nor you, did not know the reason of my willingness to come up to London. —School!—Hang school!—Is a man of my bright parts to torment his brains with *Ego amas* and *Tu amo*? —Burn your Ovids, Virgils, Corderies, and Horaces!—No—my ambition is greater—I shall be ———. I’cod I have a good mind to tell you—Will you be my friend and serve me?”

“Positively,” I assured him; for I was all upon wires to hear his intentions.

“Very well—I’ll try you beforehand—Lend me twenty pounds.”

The request was rather sudden; but partly upon your account, and a wish to know his schemes, I courted his friendship and lent the money.

“Thank

“ Thank you, (cried he) and now you shall hear—But first of all have not I a fine person and a good voice ?”

“ Yes—very fine—very good.”

“ Then you must know I have humbug’d father out of some money by way of making me happy at school—I have given my master the slip—and here I am, my dear Friend, with a resolution of going upon the Stage.”

“ The Stage !”——

“ Yes, my Boy, the Stage !——
Hamlet—Hob—Macbeth—Scrub—
Pierre !”——

“ But stop, stop, stop—Have you abilities ?”

“ Sure I can write and read—aye, and talk Latin and Greek, though I don’t understand them ; and that’s as much as the majority of players do.
—What, must I be coop’d up in the
prime

prime of my life behind a desk, with a grammar in my hand?—No—If my dad or mam wanted to make a scholar of me, they should have sent me to school when I was a *boy*, not when I was a *man*.”

I could not but approve the justness of his assertion; and through a view of making use of him, indulged his frantic humour.—This delighted the poor simpleton exceedingly; and in order to convince me of his theatric abilities, he stood in the middle of the street and spouted *Richard*.—Several passers by stood also—and thought, what was really truth—the fellow was mad:—but when in deep conversation he was thinking on the character he would first appear in, we were near the corner of a street; my new friend then, with exulting joy, told

told me he had fixed upon Jaffier as the most promising character—"For (cried he) I shall extort a clap in the very beginning.—When I am following my supposed father-in-law to make him hear me—Oh Sir, I shall bawl in his ears and run up to his jaw, in the middle of the stage, thus :

"Not hear me, — —— but you *shall*."

Saying this, my young spouter ran into the middle of the street, (his present stage) and roar'd out the above line in such a vociferous manner, that a coachman imagining himself wanted, immediately replied "Yes, yes, Master, I *do* hear you."

The whimsicality of this scene, made me take a most violent fit of laughing. — Poor Dick was mortified at my risibility ; but being assured that I had
laughed

laughed at the coachman and not at him, he became easy.

I now took an opportunity of making my request; and promised sincerely if he would accomplish the business I wished, that I would hear him with pleasure rehearse his several characters, and give him all the instructions in my power.—The poor elf, more for the sake of rehearsing than receiving any improvement, acquiesced.

I now gave him your guardian's letter for Dr. Browne, charging him to see the Doctor and say that he came from Mr. Fortescue in the Temple, who was very ill at present.—I then told him the contents of the letter, and how he should converse with the Doctor, provided he saw him; enjoining him to pretend a great friendship for you and Sir Walter Headstrong.—

As a stimulus to make him more alert and attentive, I assured him that if he did this business properly, I should make you (whose illness and residence in the Temple he believed) prevail upon Dr. Browne (being a man of interest, I told him, with the Managers) to give him a recommendation, and procure his admission to the Theatre.—This promise delighted the simpleton, and away he flew.

I waited in the coffee-house for his return, and supposed by his delay that he had a long conference with the Doctor.

When he came to me, he bragg'd greatly of his oratory; assured me he had seen the Doctor, who read the letter with great attention and enquired very particularly about you; adding, that upon your account and

Sir

Sir Walter's, he would do any thing to serve you both.—Moreland told me that the Doctor ask'd his name, made him take a glass of wine and some cake; that then he took the opportunity of following my directions, and assuring Dr. Browne that he thought the intended wedding rather precipitate; and if his humble advice would be taken, the parties should not have leave to marry these some months yet.—The Doctor coincided with him; said his observations were very shrewd and pertinent, and that he would hint the matter to Mr. Evans.

“ Indeed, (return'd Moreland) it was upon that account that I undertook this visit.—I intended, unknown to ——— to ——— [here Moreland forgot your name] I say, Sir—Doctor, I mean——I intended, unknown to my friend, to give you this intimation.”

From this example which the young gentleman gave me of his discourse, I conceived that he had made a few blunders before he left the place; however, upon the whole, Charles, I think your business is tolerably well done; and as I think I can secure this gentleman's secrecy, under pretence of serving him, I don't suppose that I could have found a better tool for the purpose. — Emmet, I think, is too much engaged with business of his own to mind that of any others: besides, though he has placed very much confidence in me, I should not like to have trusted him.—I am very anxious, I own, to know the business he wants with me—but to-morrow will inform.

Now, Charles, as I have almost filled this sheet of paper with your business,

business, you won't grudge me, I think, a few lines about myself.—You must know then that these last two or three nights I could not sleep; and upon my word, was unable to solve the reason till to-day; when, by mere chance, I have discovered that I am in Love—head and ears—so deep that nothing but the fair lady herself can recover me.—You may say that it is very sudden and incoherent; but remember what my honest free-hearted friend in the Play says—“A man may tumble into a pit by surprise, but none but a fool would walk into one by choice.”—Think of this, I say, and blame me if you can.—But Charles, I don't fear your censure; for your Love was, as it is, far more romantic than mine.—But come, I shall no longer keep you

in suspense—you shall hear by what accident I discovered my love.—This morning, when at breakfast and ruminating on the cause of my sleepless hours, I heard some person falling down stairs; immediately I ran to know who it was—and Oh! my Friend—Miss Armitage was the unfortunate person who received the harm.—I felt myself extremely concerned, and with a tone of sympathy enquired if she was hurt.

“ Indeed I am, Sir,” she replied in a most pathetic manner.

I knew not what to do.—Love, all of a sudden subdued me, and delicacy prevented me from shewing it.—If, thought I, I should examine her leg, she may think I am rude; yet, Charles, I was so apprehensive of its being dangerously sprained, that indeed,

deed, indeed, I knew not how to act.—I ran immediately and rang the bell, then flying to my dear Miss Armitage's relief, enquired where she was hurt, and if it was much; by this time the servant and Mr. Groveby came—The latter, like many in the world who find fault at unseasonable times, began to chide his niece for running down stairs; but I requested Mr. Groveby to forbear his reproaches now, and see if Miss Armitage's foot was in any danger.—He did; but no sooner he touched her than poor Louisa, either through the tremor or pain, fainted away.

I assure you, Charles, that I found myself sadly affected—and why?—Have I not often seen ladies faint, and the hartshorn applied?—But it seems that I was now more concerned; and till Miss Armitage recovered, was
entirely

entirely divested of my usual gaiety.— I ran immediately for water ; I ordered the window in my room to be lifted up, and a chair for the poor sufferer prepared ; then gently raising Miss Armitage from the ground, I carried her with the greatest attention to the air.—Some minutes expired ere she opened her eyes—When she did, Oh Charles ! my joy was so unbounded, that forgetful of Mr. Groveby, who was present, I exclaimed “ Well, *my Love*, do you find yourself better ? ”— Upon her replying Yes, and Mr. Groveby observing that she ought to have added *my Love* too, I confess that I was very much confused, and ashamed of my unguarded expression.

Miss Armitage acknowledged that she had been more frightened than hurt.—She thanked me repeatedly for my attention ; and I thought, my
Friend,

Friend, that her eyes were as expressive as her words.—While I was finishing my breakfast, a thousand ideas occur'd to me; but they all concluded in one serious opinion, that if I was blest with Miss Armitage I should deem myself most happy.—Thus far, my Friend, I have confessed with candour and sincerity the situation of my heart.—None of your rallying I charge you, or returning me those jests which I have amused myself with at the expence of your passion when it first commenced.—I acknowledge indeed the power of the Urchin Deity, and am now very ready to subscribe myself not only your sincere friend, but absolutely a

Brother in Love,

W. JEFFERSON.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

(In Continuation.)

NOW Charles am I ready to rail with you against the inconstancy of Fortune and dubiousity of Happiness. — Sorry I am to remark the inefficacy of your prayer — That I may never be rivalled in Love! — Oh Charles, I am rivalled, and will perhaps be disappointed!

According to the appointment Mr. Emmet made, I went to see him; and enquiring the success he had in yesterday's adventure, he told me he had seen his uncle.

“How—well—and what account of your daughter?”

“None.—

“None.—The inexorable wretch received me as before — deaf to all mine entreaties.—It was by Joseph’s means I discovered his residence.—At first he did not know me ; and supposing I had come about business, was particularly polite to me ; but on my mentioning my name, and his recollecting my person, he beheld me in a contemptuous manner, and sternly asked me what I wanted ?”

“My child ! (cried I)—my daughter!—the pledge of my unfortunate love !——Let me know where she is, or restore her to the solitary arms of a tender parent, and then Sir, I shall trouble you no more.”

“Very tender indeed !—Well, I am surprised at your audacity.—*Your* child—recollect yourself—Did you not disclaim her ? Did you not disown her ?
Did

Did you not leave her while an infant to the mercy of a wide world—to the care of an unhappy mother—while in the pursuit of unbounded pleasure, regardless of your wife and infant, you dissipated all your fortune, and added murder to your crimes?—But its a long lane that has no turn.—Yes, Sir, you have gone abroad to make a fortune, but what have you lost at home—A wife—a child—and twenty thousand pounds! — Ah! Penny-wise and pound-foolish! — A good proverb, faith.”

“ My patience (continued Mr. Emmet, speaking of himself) was exhausted.—I told him it was cruel to rake up old matters now, which could neither be recalled nor retrieved; at the same time taking the liberty to give him a more explicit account of
young

young Dalton's affair than report had. —I assured him that I *would* know where my child was."

"You will—then I assure you you shall not, till it is out of your power to deprive her of that which Fortune has given her. —Had Mrs. Emmet been in the possession of the twenty thousand pounds when you were with her, I am convinced that but very little of it would now remain.—I have been, since your unhappy wife was no more, the guardian of your child; which, had it pleased Heaven to have been a boy, should have lived with me; but not knowing what education was fit for a girl, particularly an heiress, I have put her under the care of proper people, and am resolved, till under the care of a husband who can protect herself and fortune, never to

divulge her place of residence to one unworthy the name of Father."

"Perish the fortune! (I cried) I have already suffered too much by my greedy hopes for money; owing to the depravity of education—that false, false education, I derived from a mercenary uncle.—Keep the fortune in store for her, and give me my child.—Keep it, I say, and if she wants more I will add to it,"

"Jack—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—Good-day, Education!—Ah dunce! all my lessons were thrown away upon you."

"No, Sir—for I am sorry to say, your everlasting lesson, "*Get money — get money,*" has been my ruin.—But why will you trifle with a father's pains?—Who are entrusted with my child?—Their hearts may not be so callous

as

as thine; and perhaps from them I may learn where she is."

"No indeed, Jack; for we have all exchanged a solemn vow to be her friends."

"All!—What all?"——

"Mr. Supple — *your* friend — *my* friend — and what is more to his honour — *your child's* friend — Mr. Groveby — and your humble servant — and what is more, (which of course prevents your introduction) we have told your now happy child (that she may never know what a wicked father she has) that she has none."

"Ha! — Have a care — By concealing my child, I must suspect that you conceal her fortune too."

"The rogue judges of another by himself, Jack — that's a very good proverb, and now proved, Jack — So,

Good-day.—Well—Will you marry again? Will you turn Fortune-hunter? —Ah Jack, the devil always leaves his friends in the lurch.—Good-day.”

I would have delayed this callous, satirical man much longer, but his servant came, and told him a gentleman wanted him about particular business.—A thought struck me, this gentleman might be employed about my daughter—I was resolved to be assured of it; and taking leave of my unworthy relation for ever, waited the coming-out of the stranger—but alas! he went into a carriage! — yet, as the man drove exceedingly slow, I endeavoured to keep up with him—He stopp’d at a boarding-school—Oh! my foreboding heart! I knew not what to think.—With anxious and paternal care I strayed about the door, and
seeing

seeing a servant who belonged to the house, I enquired if a Miss Emmet, or Miss Supple, or Miss Dalton, (as peradventure they had changed her name) resided in the school.—The man hesitated—He said there were so many young ladies, that he could not recollect.—I enquired the name of the mistress who kept the place—Mrs. Montague he told me—and at this time an elderly woman, her son and two daughters, (as I knew by their appearances) came out.

“Tell me, Friend, (cried I, addressing the servant) Who are they?—Methinks I know them.”

“They your Honour! — Oh! They are the Widow Bloomer and children—They came to-day to see a lady of their acquaintance who has been sometime ill.”

“ Yes, I did recollect them; and as I knew these persons to be neighbours of Mr. Groveby, something put it into my head that they came to see my child, who perhaps was ill.—Oh Heaven and Earth! How great were my sufferings?—I thought it would be in vain to make my enquiries at the Widow Bloomer’s, as she perhaps might be ignorant of the matter, or enjoined not to tell; and if they had an item of my intentions, might remove my daughter, if she was there, to a more obscure place.—While thus musing, I resolved upon one scheme that must certainly lead to a discovery; and in this, my Friend, you can assist me.”

Till now I heard Mr. Emmet with the greatest patience, and indeed sympathized with his distress—But Oh
Charles,

Charles, his scheme was a dagger to my breast!—How great the conflict!—I knew not whether to revoke my promise or dissemble—but you shall hear.

“ Miss Armitage (he continued) is a fine girl—I have seen her repeatedly, my Friend, when she has not been aware of me; and next to Serina, my departed wife, I love her!”

“ How?—Well!”——

“ I shall endeavour to bring about an union with this young lady and myself; and when connected with Mr. Groveby’s family, perhaps I may find a better-natured uncle by marriage than I have done by birth.”

“ But consider Sir (I cried) the impracticability of such an attempt.—Remember what I have told you.—Miss Armitage has been conjured by
her

her uncle never to mention your name—After such an injunction as this, how do you think it possible to procure the young lady's consent?—or why suppose she would favour your addresses when Mr. Groveby's prohibition is so certain?"

“ Ah ! (returned he) Miss Armistage may think more favourably of me than either Mr. Groveby or my uncle ; for I hope, by your assistance, to remove those prejudices against me.—Her situation must be at present disagreeable and irksome—Deprived of society and public amusement, will she not, do you think, be glad to change it for a better?—I shall only want you (as fortunately you lodge in the house with her) to take a private opportunity of telling my story in such a pathetic manner as to remove
the

the odium I have met with. As to the rest, I will contrive it.—Yes Sir, my life upon it, I will form some scheme that will secure me Miss Armitage's hand, and then her affections I know will follow."

Indeed Charles, I was exceedingly embarrassed: too plainly I perceived his view—To seize the unsuspecting innocent on some unguarded moment, and make her the prey of rash desire. —Oh Heavens! How great my dilemma! — Being a stranger in London, I dreaded to revoke my promise, and act the honest open lover; thinking it might be in his power to hurt me—for I am well aware, that friendship once changed to hate, makes the most bitter enemy: besides, I would not for all the world, that Miss Armitage or her uncle should hear I was acquainted

quainted with Mr. Emmet, since they have so much disapproved of his name and company.—Impressed with these considerations, I could do nothing but dissemble.—This I did; and with a borrowed smile of acquiescence, promised to oblige him.—By these means, I expected he would entrust me with all his resolves; and determined, if ever he meant harm to Miss Armitage, to counterplot his devices.

Pity sometimes succeeded my anger; for I perceived that all his resolutions proceeded from paternal distraction.—The idea of making Miss Armitage his second wife, has, I find, long harboured in his mind.—Oh Charles! —What is more—he has fed himself up with the flattering hope of succeeding in his scheme; since I was so kind, he says, to promise my assistance.—I
advised

advised him repeatedly to beware of any rash action—I thought it more prudent to court Mr. Groveby's goodwill, than increase his displeasure—but these words were all wind—Alas! he was peremptory—resolute.

“I am determined (he cried) to find my dear, dear child, and she shall have a mother too.”

“Shall!” echoed I, while Mr. Emmet ratified his declaration with a solemn oath.—Oh Charles, Charles, I knew not what to do: however, in hopes to amuse his sorrow and postpone his intentions, I begged him to wait till I had enquired of Mrs. Bloomer (whom I had the pleasure of lately knowing) the name of the young lady she visited at the boarding-school; assuring him that I would also make
it

it my business to go to the school and discover her parentage.

“Oh do! (he cried with rapturous delight)—Do, and I shall thank you.”

But vain were all my dissembled excuses to dissuade him from his purposes.—I understand that he watches Miss Armitage, and sees her secretly every day—But Oh my Friend, what adds to my corroding anguish, is his assurance that Miss Armitage forgets his person; which, for the sake of proving, he has found out by frequently opposing her sight.

“But (continued he) Miss Armitage only saw me once as Mr. Emmet, and that slightly—Time and dress have made a great alteration in my appearance; and I hope, with a borrowed name, to bring about an intimacy.”

I ex-

I expatiated still on the danger—the absurdity of his intentions: but all in vain—Mr. Emmet would not relinquish his claim.

He did not leave me till I had repeated my promise of enquiring at the school: but indeed Charles, (for you must know the place is in Greenwich) I fear to stay away so long from Louisa, for fear something alarming may happen during my absence.

It would be some satisfaction to me if he could find his daughter: perhaps she might dissuade him from his purpose: for if she is at all sensible or prudent, she must certainly know the ill consequences of having a step-mother as young as herself: at any rate, I think that Mr. Emmet would be so rejoiced at her recovery, that he would forget Louisa and his design.—

But Oh Charles, I am sometimes led to imagine that his daughter is dead; which his uncle, for the sake of retaining the twenty thousand pounds, or preventing *his* possession of it, has thought proper to conceal.—This I think exceedingly likely, as it is not at all inconsistent with the old man's character; and if it be so, adieu then all my hopes.

On my return home I enquired about Miss Armitage, and was surprised to hear that from the accident she met with this morning, she had a slow fever. A physician and surgeon were with her: the latter has set her leg; which, Poor thing! was indeed hurt: and the physician, after a long conversation which he had in private with Mr. Groveby, has observed that Miss Armitage has led too
confined

confined a life ; which, for a person naturally gay, is very pernicious. He has therefore ordered that when Miss Armitage recovers, she shall spend the remainder of the summer in the country ; as, exclusion from the air this warm weather, is, he says, the origin of every disorder.—Mr. Groveby did not doubt his superior knowledge, and has promised to send his niece, when she is able, to Hampstead.—I have begged his leave to see her every day —Mr. Groveby seems pleased with my attention.—But Oh Charles, when Emmet hears of this removal, how will he exult?—No doubt he will think it favourable to his plan, and put in execution his design ; but I am resolved he shall never know from me where Miss Armitage lodges.

Every hour I make my enquiries about poor Louisa. They are not, Charles, those of common politeness, but pure disinterested Love!

I have now the pleasure to inform my friend (for I know he is *pleased* whenever William is) that Miss Armitage is much better—Yes Charles, not only for my sake but your Elvira's, will you partake of this happiness—She is *her* Friend, and *my* Love!

Mr. Groveby has requested me to accompany him (if I have leisure) to Hampstead, where he may provide a lodging for his niece.—I have given him the hint to take it where there is some prudent old person; observing that Miss Armitage's beauty is a perfect magnet, which will no doubt attract several admirers, who may take the advantage of his absence, and attempt

tempt liberties which otherwise they dare not.

He thanked me very affectionately for my advice, and promised adherence; but assured me that he had a very good opinion of his niece, and knew she would not allow unwarrantable freedoms.—I mentioned the many dishonourable practices of some, which would baffle all the power of female delicacy to evade.—He confessed himself also aware of this; but hoped, he said, that as I had promised to make my visits very frequent, and he had placed very great confidence in my friendship, I would for his and her sake be vigilant, and forewarn him if I saw any danger.—I promised the greatest circumspection, on account of my profound regard for his family—and Oh! I was exceedingly sorry that I could not prepare Mr. Groveby for

the danger that I *did* see on account of my previous promise to Mr. Emmet: but should I discover that gentleman to proceed in any vicious scheme, no promise, no vow, will I hold sacred, that endangers the character—the virtue of my dear Louisa.

To-morrow is the day appointed for our ramble. — Believe me, Charles, that for the short time of my stay, I will leave the house where Miss Armitage is, with the greatest fear and reluctance—True Love, you know, is apprehensive of every danger.—Pray Heaven we may fix upon a safe retreat for Louisa; and that it may be a removal never to be repented of.

I am,

Your's,

W. JEFFERSON.

ELVIRA

E L V I R A E V A N S,

T O

L O U I S A A R M I T A G E.

Congratulate me, my dear Louisa —I have seen my Charles this morning!—But ah! with what dread and trembling!—We had no comfort in our short meeting.

Betty last night took a letter for me to him. She told me that he was sitting in his room in a musing, melancholy posture—pale and languid.—On seeing her, and the letter in her hand, he expressed both the greatest pleasure and uneasiness; for he was rejoiced to hear from me, but fearful of some new disaster.—He read my letter, she says, a dozen times.—I
forget

forget what I had written — All effusions of love!

“Thanks to her! (cried he) Ten thousand thanks!—But ah Betty, if I must be thus excluded her presence, where shall I find solace now?—Oh contrive some means that I may see her, but for an hour—a few minutes—every day.”

Though impracticable as this may seem, yet Betty was so ready in contrivances, she assured my dear Charles he *should* see me every morning without the knowledge of any of his or my family.

“Miss Evans, I am sure (cried she) will have no objections to rise early every morning—Mr. and Mrs. Framp-ton are seldom up till ten—Timothy is obliged to attend the stables, and take care of his master’s horses—This
and

and other employments always engross his early hours.—If therefore, Sir, you will be so kind as to come about eight o'clock, you will have an hour at least to chat together.”

“ Yes Betty—At seven if you will.”

“ That's right—I am sure Miss Evans will be up at six every morning——But don't mistake me, Sir—I would not have you come so *very* early—because I may not be up myself.”

“ Dear Betty, I shall most strictly observe.”

“ Pray do, Sir—and I must observe too, that though my master and mistress are seldom up till ten, *that* is no reason but what they *may* tomorrow morning, perhaps at eight, seven, six, five.—Things unexpected will happen : so for fear of the worst,
I shall

I shall leave the parlour window open, and fasten a handkerchief to it for a signal that all is safe and sure."

Charles was delighted with Betty's plan, and not only thanked but rewarded her for it.—She told me many other things which occurred during their conversation, but have since escaped my memory. The most particular I have already inserted.

This was the first morning therefore that we could put in execution our scheme.—Believe me, dear Louisa, I was up at six: so was Mr. Fortescue, he told me: yet it was almost eight before we could venture to let him in; there being a servant at our officious neighbour's, (Miss Underwood) who every now and then was looking out of the window.

Mr.

Mr. Fortescue and I now ruminated on our approaching danger. He seemed to dread the influence of his rival-guardian; which did not a little hurt my feelings.—I was sorry, I own, that I had paid so much attention to Sir Walter: it was all on my dear Charles's account—I was desirous to please the baronet, that I might appear more worthy (though, at best, undeserving) of his ward's hand; little I expected that the old man would himself fall in love with me, or pretend it.—Surely, surely, I had no notion of Sir Walter's whimsical disposition, or I should certainly have been more reserved.

I assured Mr. Fortescue that I would this day open my heart to Mrs. Framp-ton, on whose generosity I have much dependance: but this alarmed Charles.

“ Oh!

“ Oh ! my Elvira, (he cried) if you reveal our secret love, and suddenly reject the unequal proposal of my guardian, Sir Walter’s regard for you will not only be abated, but finding himself both flighted by you and supplanted by me, his rage will be violent, and his heart callous to our prayers.”

“ Well then, Charles, I will conceal my love for you till ——.”

“ When, Elvira ?——Oh name the happy day, and make me supremely blest !”

“ How, Mr. Fortescue ?——I don’t understand you.——I mean till you are of age.”

Alas ! Louisa, his eyes, which before sparkled with delight, lost on a sudden all their brightness, and seemingly depressed with gloomy sorrow, now fixed themselves upon the ground.

“ What

“What ails you, Charles?—Ah tell me—What shall I—can I do, to please you?”

“Ah Elvira, you *can* do what would complete my happiness, even beyond the power of Sir Walter to crush.—Will you be angry if I tell you?—No, I am sure you will not.—These eyes were never intended for frowns.—I wish then, that for fear of offending Sir Walter, you would dissemble, and pretend a love for him, which I know you cannot feel.—Should he propose an immediate marriage to you, have some evasion ready, not to decline (that being too precipitate) but postpone it, at least for seven months; then, my dear Elvira, to remove those trembling fears which every honest lover must be susceptible of, give me your hand without the

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knowledge of even a friend.—Why that start?—When the time of my minority expires, I shall then defy Sir Walter, and be proud to own you.”

“And if so proud to own me, (which I make not the least doubt of) is it not better to defer the marriage till then? when, without applying the clandestine means of artifice, we may without danger and apprehension, approach the altar; and, which will be an addition to our happiness, *with* the knowledge of all our friends.”

“But Oh!—Consider—consider, Miss Evans, the threatening evils which assail us.—I know your Gratitude.—A thousand things may happen, to divide us for ever!”

“I see, Mr. Fortescue, you want to have some *security* for my love—
Oh

Oh for shame—if I am content to wait the seven months; and during the while, depend upon *your* fidelity and constancy, surely my Charles may depend upon *mine*.”

“Dear Elvira, I neither doubt your’s nor do I suppose mine doubted; but, according to an argument like this, we may vow eternal love, and postpone our happiness for seven—nay twice seven years—and die at last, ere the completion of it.—Security then is highly essential.—To-morrow is not our’s to promise—To-day is—and when we *may be* happy, it is our fault if we *are not*.”

The dear man really posed me—I hesitated for an answer.—At last the kind—cruel interruption of Betty, put an end to our conversation.—She gave us notice of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton’s

rising: and poor Charles enjoining me to consider his words, was obliged to take a hasty farewell.—I promised him neither to offend nor raise the hopes of his guardian. — A dreadful task indeed!—How shall I go through it? —I am above dissimulation—yet it is evident by what my dear Charles has hinted, that Sir Walter is a man of a hasty, vindictive disposition, and dangerous when opposed.—He is one of those characters who are very great friends wherever their affections are won, but very great enemies to those that incur their displeasure.

I am in very good spirits since I have seen Charles.—Betty is certainly a valuable confidante, and deserves my thanks—What could I have done without her?

(In

(In Continuation.)

Soon as we had breakfasted, Mr. Frampton took notice of my undisguised gaiety, and observed that my pleasantries denoted the hopes of seeing my lover.

“ Or of *having seen* him, perhaps—Is not that as likely, Mr. Frampton ?”

“ Very—and I hope we shall have the wedding-day soon.”

“ Ah ! (cried I) that must depend upon my mother’s recovery.—I cannot think of changing my situation, till my fond and only parent is able to partake of my happiness.”

“ I hope, Elvira, (added Mr. Frampton) that that time is near.”

“ How Sir ?—Is there any news ?”

M 3

“ Yes,

“ Yes, my dear, (cried Mrs. Framp-ton, taking a letter out of her pocket) you shall hear what the Doctor says of her.”

Accordingly, Louisa, she read a few lines, which it seems Mr. Evans had sent her by last Saturday’s post.— They were nearly the following words, as well as I remember.

“ Elvira’s mother is much better.—
“ Her senses, though not perfectly,
“ are almost restored.—Dr. Browne
“ is of opinion, that in about a few
“ days time, she will be fit for so-
“ ciety : at present she talks very
“ rationally, and enquires about her
“ child.—I take every possible means
“ to satisfy her ; and have shewn her
“ two or three of your letters, wherein
“ the improvements of her daughter
“ are mentioned.— She blesses you,
“ your

“ your husband and me, for thus
“ protecting her innocence.—I have
“ told her that I would not only be
“ a father to Elvira, but endeavour
“ all in my power to provide a better
“ guardian—a Husband—that should
“ deserve and make her happy.—An
“ effusion of grateful tears bespoke
“ her thanks!——She wishes now
“ and then to see Elvira: I amuse
“ her with a promise that she shall:
“ but this, my Friend, I think im-
“ practicable, till Elvira is married.—
“ I would upon no account have her
“ in London while she is single—You
“ know the danger—It would be im-
“ possible for me to take care of her.
“ —There are intervals still, when
“ this poor wretched woman, recol-
“ lecting the past, is led away by
“ the false pictures of imagination,
“ and

“ and enforces pity by her lamentable
“ ravings. The doctor has therefore
“ desired that a few friends may visit
“ her, and all means be used to keep
“ up her spirits.—I have taken care
“ that those friends shall be *few*, and
“ to be depended upon; for I would
“ not, upon any account, that the
“ reason of this unhappy woman’s
“ delirium should be known, for fear
“ it might prevent Elvira of a de-
“ sirable match, and be the cause of
“ discovering ——— ——— ———.”

[Here Mr. Frampton interrupted his wife, by suddenly taking the letter out of her hands, and saying the rest of the contents were unnecessary.]

Oh Louisa, the little gaiety which I had so lately displayed, now entirely left me.—What can be the cause—the hidden reason of my mother’s frenzy—

frenzy—that the danger of discovery should be so great?—Alas! I enquired, but my friends were silent: they evaded any explanation.—Mr. Frampton I perceived was angry with his wife for reading so far—Would to Heaven she had proceeded *farther*, or not at all!—Oh! my dear Friend, will you enquire?—How can I think of changing my situation? How dare to give my hand to Mr. Fortescue, privately or publicly, when there is something, not fit to be told, remains concealed?

The good-natured Mr. Frampton saw my sudden transition from mirth to sadness, and endeavoured all in his power to revive my spirits; but I was obliged to retire to the next room, and indulge my sorrow.

I over-

I overheard some warm expressions now which escaped the lips of Mr. Frampton.

“ This is not the first time (cried he) that you have blabb’d—No, nor I engage it won’t be the last.—Only for you, Elvira would not have known any thing about her mother—Fool that I was to let you read the letter.—I would not wonder if you tell All before to-morrow morning.—I protest there is no trusting a woman with any secret that does not particularly concern herself.”

Mr. Frampton was so exceedingly warm, and all upon my account, that I thought it my duty to return to the parlour, and endeavour to reconcile them.

“ Oh Sir, (I cried, entering the room with a dejected countenance)
don’t

don't be angry with Mrs. Frampton. Don't let such a worthless thing as I am, be the cause of an altercation."

A calm ensued. Mr. Frampton was silent, and his good lady some minutes after left the parlour to give directions about dinner.

Mr. Frampton now took this opportunity of assuring me that the cause of my dear, dear mother's delirium, was not so exceedingly great and dreadful as it appeared.

"Then why, dear Sir, was it mentioned?"

"Indeed, I don't know (he exclaimed peevishly)—Mr. Evans is a man that always makes much of a little; and my wife, like a greater fool, as she is, makes *little of much*.—He had no business to write about it, nor she any to read it—but come, don't

don't let us mind it—You wish to see your mother I know.”

“ Ah ! Sir—I do indeed.”

“ The wish is natural—and so you shall—for now, thank Heaven, she has almost recovered her senses, and I hope will entirely when she beholds you.”

“ Well Sir, and shall I go soon to London ?”

“ I hope so: but *that* depends on you.—There is a condition you know, which Mr. Evans (a whimsical man indeed; but he has some weighty reason, I dare say) has enjoined—You must be married before you can see him.”

“ How !”——

Oh Louisa, conceive my sorrow and surprise.

“ Sir

“ Sir Walter has made proposals for you ; and I dare say, notwithstanding his singularity of temper, will make a good husband. You may have him, my Dear, and see your poor mother immediately ; or ———.”

Oh ! my Friend, how great my embarrassment ! — Love — Duty — Gratitude — all contending.

“ But perhaps (continued Mr. Frampton) your affections are already engaged. If so, be candid, my Dear : for believe me, my sole wish is that you should have a husband you love.”

“ Alas ! Sir, I see the urgent necessity for changing my situation : it need not be hinted by Mr. Evans. — I have imposed upon your generosity too long.”

“ How can you say so ? It is unkind. — I do not wish you to go to London, and leave us — No, Elvira :

I will be happy of your company always. While I have a home, you shall never want one.—Do not then think that it is a wish of mine you should change your situation. I am only anxious that you should please yourself.—Tell me then, without restraint, your sentiments. — Surely Elvira knows I can have no objection to any wish of her's.—Dismiss Sir Walter if you please, and choose another; or remain as you are: but do not think of visiting your mother. —I see—I see your emotions, and pity you sincerely.—I would not have you, 'on my life! sacrifice yourself to a man you *could* not love—even for a mother's sake.”

“ Oh Sir, receive my warmest thanks; but do not mention Sir Walter to me again.”

“ Enough

“ Enough—I thank you, Elvira.—
I shall tell him to-day then, that you
cannot love him.”

“ No, my dear Sir, don’t say *that*,
I beg you ; for ———.”

I hesitated here, mindful of my
dear Charles’s advice.

“ Go on, Elvira.”

I could not.—Cruel fate ! I thought,
that prevents me from opening my
heart to the man that deserves it.

“ For ———. For what ?—Nay
then, Miss Evans, I see you *do* love
him.”

Poor Mr. Frampton said this with
evident surprise.

“ Alas ! Sir, I know not what I am
saying.—Oh Mr. Frampton, how can
I think of uniting with *any* man, when
so doubtful is my situation ?—I am
poor, and my hapless mother insane ;

while the cause (which *must* not be revealed) is still a secret—My relations too buried in obscurity—and I—a stranger to myself.”

I would have said more, but tears prevented.—The generous man took me by the hand, and bade me think no more of my poverty, nor the cause of my mother’s insanity.

“ Whatever man (continued he) loves you for yourself alone, I will insure both him and you perfect happiness, notwithstanding the appearances against you. In short, Elvira, I will be responsible for any danger.”

I thanked him with unfeigned gratitude.—He asked me many questions about Sir Walter, but I was still imperfect in my answers, on account of Mr. Fortescue’s advice.—Mr. Framp-

ton was evidently surpris'd at my hesitations—No wonder.—He repeatedly enquired if I had given my heart away to any other ; promising not only his advice, but every endeavour to promote my happiness.—Indeed Louisa, I had a great mind to depend upon his goodness, and confess a partiality for Charles : but then, knowing it to be the wish of Mr. Fortescue to remain in secret, I suppress'd my inclination, and was silent when I wished to speak.—Mr. Frampton perceiving my distress, left me to compose myself ; hoping, the next time, I would be more explicit in my wishes.

What shall I do ? He deserves my confidence : but then I must not betray poor Charles.—Indeed, indeed Louisa, I am sadly embarrassed.

(In Continuation.)

I endeavoured now to recall my spirits by a turn or two in the garden. In one thing I found great solace indeed.—Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, I was convinced, would never oppose my love when they knew it: but ah me! how Sir Walter would take it, was a question of much doubt.—I knew it would be easy enough to postpone the intended wedding till my dear Charles was of age; when secrecy would then be unnecessary, and candour not to be dreaded: but Oh! where was my duty for a mother then?—Hard sentence!—I must not see London till I am married.—Oh Mr. Evans, what could be the reason of this injunction?

Thus

Thus did I teaze myself with alternate hopes and fears. At last, the appearance of Sir Walter Headstrong (my new and unwished-for lover) added to my embarrassment and confusion; to complete which, the baronet, on my account, came to dine with Mr. Frampton; so that this day indeed promised to be very unfavourable.

I saluted Sir Walter with profound respect; while assuming more gaiety than was natural for a man of his years, he approached me indeed in a most ridiculous manner; and still affecting humour, saluted me with the following words of a song, to the tune of the *Dusty Miller*.

SEE

SEE my fair
Is there ;
Gads my life ! What ails me ?
While I stare,
I swear
All my Courage fails me.
Come then, pretty maid,
Let me kiss and woo you ;
Never be afraid,
I'll do nothing to you.

Some may say
I'm grey ;
'Tis a lie, and spite too :
I can play
All day,
And be gay all night too.
For my time is long,
And my pleasure such is ;
I'll be ever young,
Tho' upon my crutches.

“ There, my Dear—there is an
impromptu for you.—I am inspired by
you,

you, and could sing Ballads—aye, and talk Heroics all the day long.”

“ Pray then, Sir Walter, don’t stop the progress of your muse—I am very fond of poetry, I assure you.”

I cannot recollect what followed.—His panegyrics were so insipid, and himself so unwelcome, that I assure you, Louisa, I paid little attention to the former, but was distantly polite on Mr. Fortescue’s account.

What an unhappy tedious day.—I pretended illness in the evening, and took my leave; resolving that when Sir Walter was going, I would not be present to receive his parting compliments.

Mr. Frampton betrays the greatest concern on my account. Sometimes he thinks I love Sir Walter; then imagines, I believe, I love another.—

How

How hard, Louisa, that I cannot be explicit to my dear benefactor !

Thanks, my dear Louisa, for so kindly defending the little productions of your friend's muse, when your uncle found such fault with them.—I cannot see, indeed, why Mr. Groveby should be so averse to my writing, since it is an innocent amusement, and serves to beguile many a tedious hour.

Oh gentle Armitage ! rever'd and lov'd—
 Distinguish'd maid !—by soft compassion mov'd :
 And did you praise me and my feeble lays,
 What matter then what any Groveby says ?—
 Did you, indeed, endeavour to defend
 'Th' unpolish'd lines of your most faithful friend :
 But if you knew the various ways of all,
 How many censure, and how few extol ;
 How very few in these degen'rate days,
 Will deign to give a *little merit* praise ;
 How very few in these degen'rate times,
 Can please the critic-reader with their rhymes ;
 You

You wou'd not ask why Ch—tt——n is dead,
You wou'd not wonder Literature is fled :
Why hungry authors to the *garret* soar,
While poetasters have a *middle floor* !——
This, by experience, having seen and known,
I've study'd since to please myself alone ;
But now my study to another due,
Am I resolv'd to please a friend in You :
To please my friend, my only aim shall be,
What pleases her, will certainly please me.

E. EVANS.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

TO

CHARLES FORTESQUE, Esq.

THIS day being fixed on for our walk, I promised to attend Mr. Groveby about ten in the morning.— Believe me, Charles, that I part with Louisa with the utmost regret. The separation, trifling as it may be, tears my very heart.—'Tis true I will see her every day: but what avails that, if I cannot stay with her? — One minute's absence may be fatal: yet I must not forget myself—I must not imitate my friend—my brother-lover, Charles—nor fear danger till it comes.— I have not seen Emmet since: having, to tell the truth, avoided him,
for

for fear he might crave my assistance where I cannot—must not give it.

Previous to our going this morning I drank tea with Miss Armitage.—Mr. Groveby went out for awhile.—I took this opportunity of speaking to Louisa; and in a humorous, good-natured way, told her she must take care of herself now; for that I heard there was a gentleman violently in love with her, and who was determined to run away with her.

“What! (cried she smiling) whether I will or no?”

“Indeed, my Dear, he flatters himself you will: but, at any rate, he resolves to run away with you first, and ask your leave afterwards.”

“Well, I must confess there is something unusually brave in that.”

I believe that Miss Armitage supposed I was talking about myself all this while ; so assuming for once a very serious countenance, I attempted to give my advice with greater gravity.

I thought it best now to give a description of Mr. Emmet's dress and person, and prove by this if my dear Miss Armitage recollected him ; but it was plain she did not : his name, but not himself, was only remembered.

I asked her what sort of a lodging she preferred ; and promised sincerely to make her uncle take the one that would be most agreeable.

“ Oh Mr. Jefferson, let it be as rural and private as possible.—I wish for a little meadow, or some pleasant walk, where I may now and then retire.”

“ What

“What alone, Louisa?—No, I must insist upon it you will not walk alone.”

“Oh Lord!—Why?”—

“My dear Miss Armitage, you cannot conceive what risks you will run.”

“Lord! Lord! Mr. Jefferson, what ails you?—I protest you are ten years older than you were last week, by your conversation—Nay now, I won’t like you if you sermonize so:—I believe in my heart Mr. Groveby has corrupted you—Did he bid you give me this advice?—Not walk alone!—Why so?—Oh now I see—You wish to walk with me.”

“I do—I do indeed.”

After some other cursory observations, Mr. Groveby entered. The Widow Bloomer too, added one to

the number, and a sober game of whist terminated the evening's diversion.

I took an opportunity of telling the Widow that I had the pleasure of seeing her when she was coming out of Mrs. Montague's boarding-school. —I was in hopes to discover whom she was with, that if possible I might amuse Mr. Emmet, and wean him from his love-intentions. —She told me she was there visiting an old friend that had been ill for a length of time. —By this I understood that it was no *young* lady; consequently not the daughter of Mr. Emmet. —I therefore declined all further enquiries upon this subject; but resolved not to undeceive Mr. Emmet, that he may have some other pursuit in view besides my dear Louisa. —The evening concluded in perfect harmony.

I rose

I rose earlier than usual this morning, and about 9 o'clock Mr. Groveby and your friend set out.—Various the subjects of our conversation on the way.—I wished much to know the reason of his antipathy to Mr. Emmet, but could not for a long time contrive an introduction of the gentleman without discovering my knowledge of him.—At last (for what can exceed the fertility of my brains, Charles?) I pretended to have seen the name on the door; and with assumed astonishment, declared I never heard such a name before.

“As what?” enquired Mr. Groveby.

“Emmet, a carpenter.—Is not it a strange name? Did you ever hear it?”

“Yes, (he returned) to my sorrow.—I knew one of that name who in-

volved me in much distress.—I resigned him an employment once, which being the cause of his leaving London, I brought upon myself the sorrows of a wife and daughter, which I most innocently incurred; for by his appearance and language I thought him a single man.”

“ But who could blame You for it ?”

“ Who ?—Myself !—My heart !—for being the unfortunate author of a wife and mother’s distress !——Poor Mrs. Emmet !—by this fatal separation, she not only lost a Husband, but a Brother too—He was murdered (for what is duelling but murder ?) by Mr. Emmet’s hand.—Was not this sufficient to distract her ?—Yes, she felt it sorely too—became inconsolable—would neither see nor be seen by any — even her child, unconscious
of

of her mother, and her mother's sorrow, could yield no pleasure now.—
At last —————”

“ But what became of the daughter, Sir ?” for as I knew the history of Mrs. Emmet already, I only desired to hear what as yet remained a secret.

“ Oh ! She is well provided for—Mr. Emmet's uncle has taken care of her ; and notwithstanding the dissipation of her father, her fortune, by the means of her provident mother and friends, remains unimpaired and considerable.”

“ Is she pretty, Mr. Groveby ?”

“ Exceedingly—and what is better—sensible.—Indeed her father did not want for sense, though he was foolish at times.—He was a poet, Sir ; and on his account, I have an aversion to the name.”

“ I confess

“ I confess I should be glad to see the young lady—Can you introduce me to her, Mr. Groveby ?”

Here the old gentleman hesitated.— I believe in my heart he has fixed upon me for his niece’s husband, and is therefore unwilling to put a rival in my way ; however he told me he would the first opportunity that offered, but that at present she was out of town ; as Mr. Emmet’s uncle, hearing of his nephew’s arrival, thought proper to remove the daughter till she was of age and her fortune secured.

“ We have therefore (continued Mr. Groveby) mutually promised to conceal the poor girl till her happiness may be consummated, and that the presence of a father cannot mar it.— This I hope will be shortly.—For my part, I am determined to be silent on
every

every side.—If Mr. Emmet should ever repeat his visit to me, (for he did call on me some months ago) I shall refer him to his uncle, and pretend an entire ignorance of the matter: but indeed I desire never to see him; for upon no account would I have my niece know him, or ever be in his company.”

We had some further chat upon this subject, but nothing more to the purpose.—We were now in Hampstead, and at a distance I perceived a small habitation, which being by itself, in a rural situation, would, I thought, answer the wishes of my dear Armitage; accordingly I proposed to Mr. Groveby to enquire for a lodging there.—We did—and, conceive my astonishment, Charles, when Mrs. Moreland, the young actor’s mother, (of whom
you

you were so anxious to hear something) opened the door.—We stared at one another—Mr. Groveby stared too — wondering, with very good reason, what could be the cause of our gaping.—At last the old woman gave me a very chearful welcome; and knowing the purport of our calling, was evidently well pleased, and insisted on our entering the parlour, where Mr. Moreland was sitting; but, I thought, in a very melancholy posture: however, I roused him from his despondency, by saluting him with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

“This is an unexpected visit,” he cried.

“Truly, Mr. Moreland, it is.—This gentleman and I are looking about for a lodging; and I dare say we can be accommodated here.”

“Oh

“ Oh yes, (interrupted the old lady) we have a most elegant first-floor to let—Pray walk up, Sir, and see it.”

“ Mr. Groveby will: the lodging is for him—though not for him either—but for a Lady.”

“ A Lady ! Sir — (echoed Mrs. Moreland, with a very altered countenance ; being as much sad now, as it was gay before)——Pray what fort of a Lady, Sir ?—Is she your wife, or ——— ?”

“ My niece (replied Mr. Groveby) —She has been indisposed, and is ordered by her physician to the country.”

“ Oh pray Sir, walk up—I beg your pardon—Pray walk up.”

I confess that I liked this old woman's circumspection : it shewed, that notwithstanding her interest was concerned,

cerned, she had a respect for her character and *that* of her abode.— Were every house-keeper so properly particular, we would not, especially in London, have so many complaints of bad, irregular neighbours.

While Mrs. Moreland and my old friend went up stairs, I remained with Mr. Moreland, resolving to know the reason of his dejection.

As I expected, he derived his sorrow from the elopement of his son, the intended school-master.—All his hopes were blasted, and he had now no consolation remaining, fearing that the runaway would bring him to trouble and disgrace.

I promised the old man that I would prevent all that; hoping, I said, to recover his son, and by taking the liberty

liberty of advising, make them all happy.

“ Oh Sir, if you would be so kind, any thing in my power to repay you, I will most readily do.—Pray what is your advice ?”

“ To drop all intentions of making him what it seems he is not fit for, and by binding him an apprentice to whatever business he is most capable of, render not only yourselves but him happy.”

“ I thank you, Sir ; but must assure you that it was never my wish to come up to London, and put myself to any inconveniencies on his account ; I was persuaded by his mother to do what I am very sorry I have done. She is now herself convinced of her error, and dearly repents her folly. Indeed from the beginning she spoiled

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P

him ;

him; and I foresaw that this would be the end of all her indulgence.—Oh Sir, if you could meet, and prevail upon him to return home, I shall immediately follow your advice; but I hear he has got an idle notion in his head of going upon the Stage.—If I thought he would arrive to eminence in that profession, I would not oppose it; but I know his incapability too well; and to see my son standing before a multitude as an attendant upon a king, or a slave with a message, would make me ashamed of even myself.”

I assured Mr. Moreland that I would do all in my power to prevent his son from playing the fool or bringing himself and family to disgrace.—On the old man’s repeating his promise of serving me in return if he could, I
confessed

confessed my anxiety for the lady who was coming to lodge with him ; and by intimating my partiality and fear of her walking alone, told him if he would pay her every necessary attention, and be careful that nobody ever insulted her, I should look upon such kindness as sufficient compensation for all that I should do.—Mr. Moreland faithfully assured me he would adhere to my orders ; and hoped that as long as the young lady remained in his house, she would meet with no harm.

About this time Mr. Groveby, after making his bargain, came down stairs with Mrs. Moreland.—The next day was agreed upon for the young lady's coming.

On our returning home, my old friend said that he was very happy I

knew the people of the house where Miss Armitage was going.—He was desirous, I saw, to learn the manner in which we became acquainted: and with This and That of Master Dicky's elopement and intentions, I amused Mr. Groveby till we had reached home.

I was happy to find my dear Louisa in good spirits on our return. She expressed much satisfaction at the account I gave her of her new lodging, of which she intends to-morrow morning early to take possession.

That my friend may see I am not forgetful of him and his love, I assure you that I have enquired about Elvira's mother and the cause of her madness; but Miss Armitage cannot inform me.—She has been in this precarious state
from

from Elvira's infancy ; I cannot think, therefore, that the madness of a mother scarcely known, can be any obstacle to your happiness ; nor do I see why you should forbear enquiring of Miss Evans how her parent is, and the cause of her malady. You are concerned for her ; therefore it is natural to ask these questions.

I hope to have some diversion with Master Moreland yet, when I have made him ashamed of his wild-goose intentions ; then I think I can with greater facility reconcile him to his father and mother, and prevail upon him to apply his mind to some suitable employment.—I dare say Mr. and Mrs. Moreland will never be ambitious again to make a Gentleman of what Nature did not design for one.

I attend Louisa in the morning to Hampstead, but shall make it my business to see Mr. Emmet first, and hear his further intentions.—I will not confess my knowledge of the new lodging, nor avow my Love without I think proper.

Your's,

W. JEFFERSON.

CHARLES

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

TO

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

OH! my Friend, I have been exceedingly unfortunate to-day! —It was planned between my dear Elvira's servant and me, that I should see Miss Evans every morning before her master or mistress was up; and as a signal that all was safe, and I might knock at the door with security, a handkerchief was to be fastened at the parlour-window, which should be open for the purpose; but the wind being exceedingly high this morning, the handkerchief was unfortunately blown away, and all my expectations of seeing my dear Elvira, *blasted* at the same time.—Concluding that there
was

was some obstacle to our meeting, by not seeing the signal as appointed, I would not venture to appear; therefore returned home about nine, and suffered much by my disappointment and doubts.

Miss Evans, not knowing the cause of my absence, having (after she had put up the signal) gone into the garden to wait my coming, was equally filled with apprehensions at my staying away; till Betty, on seeing the removal of the handkerchief, accounted for our mutual disappointment; and soon as she had an opportunity, waited upon me to explain the unfortunate event. — I was extremely distressed at having lost this opportunity; for every moment now, till I obtain my dear Elvira's consent to perfect my wishes, is to me most precious.

Betty

Betty told me that my guardian was at Mr. Frampton's yesterday, and still persists in teasing Miss Evans with his unseasonable love.—I have cautioned Elvira not to give him a peremptory refusal, for fear he may become our bitter enemy. — Alas ! William ! how perplexing is my situation ! I must not attempt walking out in the day-time for fear of meeting Sir Walter.—Who could have suspected that my guardian would have so suddenly formed an acquaintance with one of three miles distance ? It is almost incredible. But such are the vicissitudes of life, that we must expect many crosses ere we can attain our desires.

Sir Walter comes here every day on horseback, attended only by his favourite dog Cæsar, whom I believe he loves dearer than his mistress.—

I pray

I pray every hour for a cloudy morning; as then, I know my guardian will not venture out.—Thank Heaven, to-day promises well: it rains most violently: I may without danger take the air.—Betty says that if there be any fine interval, her young mistress, she knows, will attempt to see me. Fortunately, the other servant, Timothy, is out upon some errand of Mr. Frampton's, and not expected in till evening.—I will run the risque then.—My dear Elvira shall see the difference of her admirers—No weather shall prevent me from seeking an opportunity to speak with my love; nor no opportunity escape me of prevailing on Elvira to crown my hopes.

Yes, William, I shall speak to Miss Evans about her mother: there can be no harm: it is praise-worthy curiosity, and a proof of my affection.

—I will

—I will enquire the cause of her malady, and promise all the assistance in my power.—Are we not wedded already by Affection? And why should punctilious notions divide our thoughts? —No, I will confess my knowledge of her mother's illness, know the reason, and attempt all in my power to accelerate the restoration of her senses.

My friend must excuse my haste.—I wish now, in spite of the rain, to attempt an interview with Elvira—My guardian, I know, will not come to-day.—As then I must shortly resume the pen to let you know the success of my ramble, I shall drop it for the present ; and remain

Your's sincerely,

C. FORTESCUE.

ELVIRA

E L V I R A E V A N S,

T O

L O U I S A A R M I T A G E.

I Thank my dear Louisa for her last favour,* am happy to hear she has recovered, and so well situated.— The Hampstead air I know will do you good; and the company of Mr. and Mrs. Moreland, on whose kind attention you have so largely expatiated, will, I make no doubt, keep up your spirits; especially as William sees you every day.

I assure you, my Dear, that I have my crosses as well as other people.— Our signal failed yesterday morning.— The wind was so envious of our approaching

* This letter being uninteresting, is omitted.

proaching happiness, it blew away the handkerchief.—A terrible day indeed it was: but, notwithstanding its severity, Charles ventured out.—Mr. Frampton being abroad, and his lady confined to her chamber, I had about half an hour's conversation with my dear Fortescue.

Mindful of our disappointment in the morning, we first of all thought upon another signal to prevent any future mistakes; and now, my Dear, we intend neither to open the window nor put up a handkerchief, but close one of the shutters, which we think will be less remarkable and more sure.

Oh Louisa! in the course of our conversation Charles mentioned my mother: hearing, he said, of her unhappy situation, he wished much to be of service if he could, and pressed

Too long and so

me to relate the cause of her madness, that he might consult with some persons of eminence, and discover the most likely means of restoring her senses.

Ah me! I changed colour five hundred times; which Mr. Fortescue perceiving, told me he should be very sorry if I once supposed the misfortune of a parent would ~~diminish~~^{not} his regard for me.—He said, that the account of her illness was communicated to him by *his* friend, who heard it from *mine*.—Ah Louisa! I was sorry that *you* confessed it to Mr. Jefferson—yet, on further recollection, I was glad: it was proper that Mr. Fortescue *should* know it before we were more closely connected—Yes—and he *should* know the cause too, if I *could* disclose it.

I stammered in my replies: I acknowledged my ignorance of the matter,

of the matter

ter, and declared myself even a stranger to my own mother ; for, poor woman, her frenzy commencing ere my infant days expired, I never had the happiness of knowing her : it was deemed proper by my friends to take me away from her, as mad people, they say, are always apt to hurt the persons they love best.

I now told Mr. Fortescue with candour the part of the letter which Mrs. Frampton had read to me.—He was happy to hear that my mother was recovering apace ; but when I mentioned the sad condition on which only I was to see her—alas ! my Dear, he turned pale, and seemed to doubt his future happiness.

“ Oh then, Miss Evans, (he cried) I suppose, on your mother’s account, you must marry my guardian.”

Q 2

“ Why

“ Why suppose it, Mr. Fortescue, when Mr. and Mrs. Frampton are generous enough to give me my choice?”

“ Ah ! but my situation forbids an avowal of my love.—Oh that seven months were over !”

“ I will wait seven months—yes Charles, though I wish to see my mother.”

“ Thanks, my dear Elvira : but why not secure our happiness *now* ?”

We were interrupted by Betty.—She said that Sir Walter was coming with Mr. Frampton in a coach.—Heavens ! how alarmed we were.—My poor dear Charles was obliged to leave me after a hasty farewell.

I was now obliged to receive Sir Walter with an air of borrowed gaiety, and pretend a *pleasure* at seeing him, which alas ! was foreign to my heart.

The

The day became so exceedingly fine that Sir Walter sent back his carriage, and it was resolved that the Baronet should go home on one of Mr. Frampton's horses.—It seems that a carriage generally makes Sir Walter sick; so that he had now a very fine opportunity, to be sure, of bragging of his love, when he defied even sickness for my sake.

Never was a day so disagreeable.—I left the room after dinner, as soon as decency would permit, to scribble these few lines for my dear Louisa.

(In Continuation.)

Undone!—Timothy, who has the key of his master's stable, has staid out so long on a message of Mr. Frampton's, that Sir Walter has accepted their

offer of sleeping here to-night.—Unfortunate!—I shall have no opportunity of seeing my dear Charles to-morrow morning, as I understand Sir Walter is a very early riser.—What shall I do?—Surely I am the sport of Fortune, and doomed to be ever unhappy!

I hear a noise.—Excuse me a moment.—Something is the matter.

(In Continuation.)

Timothy has come home, but so drunk that he can neither stand nor speak. Mr. Frampton has discharged him: I am not sorry for it.—I will now be able to see Mr. Frampton in the middle of the day.—This event, my Dear, partly compensates for past misfortunes.—I must content myself with the hopes of seeing my dear
Charles

Charles at mid-day, instead of the morning.

Write soon, Louisa, and let me know how William and you go on.—I hope it will be a match ; and should fortune smile on our love, then shall we be all happy and united ; which is the ardent prayer of

Your faithful friend,

E. EVANS.

LOUISA

LOUISA ARMITAGE,

TO

ELVIRA EVANS.

I Am exceedingly happy indeed.—
What a lucky fall it was that occasioned my coming here.—I *fell* into a good situation by it—Pray Heaven there may be no *falling off*. Another Admirer, my Dear: but how you may ask? Why one that introduced himself.—I was walking about in a little pretty grove here, according to my wish, and this stranger (though I am sure I have seen him before) paid me his best respects, said some pretty things, and of course an acquaintance ensued.—Well—I suppose you wish to
know

know what sort of a man he is.—Oh, not like William, I assure you. Rather elderly, my Dear, but was in his time a very fine fellow: his name (for I am willing to satisfy you in every particular) he told me was Cumberland: I don't recollect such a name, yet I am sure I have seen the gentleman before.

He has called again, treated me to cakes, fruit, &c. and has invited me to-morrow morning to walk with him. I choose to be always *wicked*, you know, so mean to encourage him awhile that I may tease William a little.

My uncle seldom pays me a visit; but Mr. Jefferson, who indeed is more welcome, never fails a day: he has hinted something about marriage to me.—

me. — I was silent, my Dear, but smiled a little to encourage him. — Having the last time enjoined me to consent, I begged him not to make fun of me. — I don't know whether he understands me; but such are the restrictions upon us women, that it is impossible for us to say *Yes* at once.

I am very glad to hear that worthless fellow, Timothy, is discharged: certainly my dear Elvira will have more frequent opportunities of seeing her Charles. — Sir Walter is a terrible intruder indeed; however, I have no patience with my friend for not accepting Mr. Fortescue at once, and putting it out of the power of an old guardian to torment you so.

To tell the truth, I am very glad Mr. Groveby does not come here: he
would

would be angry with me for my entertaining myself with Mr. Cumberland; but I am determined on having sport, and proving the constancy of William.

Adieu,

L. ARMITAGE.

ELVIRA

E L V I R A E V A N S,
T O
L O U I S A A R M I T A G E.

STILL unfortunate, my Dear—
How adverse is Fate! how unpropitious to all our schemes!

This morning I rose very early, and flattered myself that Sir Walter, as he was not at home, would lie in bed longer than usual: but not so; the Baronet got up, and seeing me in the parlour, came to pay his morning devoirs.

Was ever any thing so unfavourable? The sun this morning being remarkably bright, Sir Walter could not bear it, and closed one of the window shutters to exclude its rays.

I dreaded

I dreaded the event of this, well knowing poor Charles would mistake it for the sign. I left Sir Walter for a moment, and calling Betty, whispered her a charge to watch the door, and dismiss Mr. Fortescue with all possible caution; then returning to Sir Walter, I endeavoured to amuse him from looking through the window: this I fortunately did, by shewing him some paintings and needlework of my own. The Baronet was exceedingly pleased with my seeming attention. He beheld all with rapturous delight, and paid me many flattering compliments. At last the well-known knock at the door came.

“Ha! that’s my servant, I dare say, with my horse.”

“Stay Sir Walter—No—it’s some one else—no matter—you won’t leave me sure?”

“No—no—no, my dear soul,” cried the exulting Baronet, and absolutely kissed me.—Yes, Louisa, and at this critical time he might have kissed me again.—I heard the street-door shutting, so knew that all danger was over.

Mr. Frampton and his Lady, out of politeness this morning to Sir Walter, rose earlier than usual, and prepared breakfast.

Sir Walter and Mr. Frampton had some private conference.—The Baronet, no doubt, confessed his hopes now, since I had behaved to him so favourable.

A little after breakfast Sir Walter missed his dog; a great favourite of his, it seems, and one he would not lose for the world.—The Baronet was most sadly alarmed: he declared he must go home immediately, and see if

his

his dog was there: to be sure I was very glad of this.

Mr. Frampton pressed him to stay, but in vain; his dog was more precious to him than all the world. A pretty lover, truly!—I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Frampton were not very well pleased.

Sir Walter ran about like a distracted man; he wondered where it could be: if not at home, most certainly some one murdered him for the sake of his collar, which it seems was more valuable than usual.

“ I will hang any man that has killed my dog.—I love Cæsar better than the whole world; pray Heaven I may find him at home—He must be murdered—he could not be stolen—No—he would bite any man that attempted to seduce him.—Good-day,

R 2

Mr.

Mr. Frampton; good-day, Ma'am; good-day, Miss."

Away scampered Sir Walter on foot—A happy riddance indeed!

Betty intends to go to Mr. Fortescue the very first opportunity. Since the departure of Timothy, and no other servant being yet provided in his place, her time is more precious.—I know, however, she will strain every nerve for my sake.

Your's,

E. EVANS.

CHARLES

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

TO

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

WELL, it is all over now.—
I see no possibility of escaping detection.

This morning I was deceived again in the signal.—My guardian slept in the house, and it was wonderful indeed he did not see me. He closed the shutter to keep off the radiance of the sun, so that I knocked at the door with daring fortitude.—Betty discovered all in a few words, and away I ran with uncommon rapidity.

In my haste I did not perceive Sir Walter's dog till I had reached my lodging: this most faithful animal,

remembering me, pursued me all the way, and evinced the greatest marks of dumb affection.

In vain I endeavoured to get rid of him.—Cæsar would not leave me.—I was going to strike it, but the poor thing lay down and licked my feet in such an affectionate manner that I could not find in my heart to hurt it.

I have since shut him out of my room, in hopes that he would return to his master; but he makes such a terrible noise when excluded my presence, that I am very glad to let him in again.—No—he will not leave me.—It looks, I think, as if the poor creature wanted me to return home.

But what shall I do?—Casting my eye on the news-paper to-day, I have perceived an advertifement of my guardian's

dian's—Fifty guineas reward for the recovery of his dog!—Oh, William, William, I shall be ruined now inevitably.—I cannot stir out, but Cæsar follows me.—I curse the poor animal indeed, yet cannot be angry with him for his good-nature.

I acknowledged the imperfect account I received of Elvira's mother, but am now more in the dark than ever.—She does not know the reason of her madness.—How mysterious! But what adds to my uneasiness, (for all my evil stars have conspired against me) is, that Miss Evans is forbid by Mr. Evans to come to London and see her mother till she is married: this I know is in order to accelerate the intended union between her and Sir Walter.—Oh! William! but she says she

she will wait seven months!——
Hard conflict indeed between Love
and Duty.

(In Continuation.)

Betty has been with me.—She was surprised at seeing the dog; seems to think it will be a fatal circumstance; however thinks when I call to-morrow morning I may leave the dog at Mr. Frampton's, and Betty will pretend that he returned.

My dear Elvira wishes to see me now; but, alas! I cannot stir—Cæsar must come too; and he is so well described in my guardian's advertisement, that the attempt of walking with him in the middle of the day would be too dangerous.—Were ever poor lovers
so

so often and cruelly disappointed!—
I know not what I am writing.—
Excuse me, William, I must bid you
adieu.—As it is out of my power to
see my dear Elvira, I must write her
a few lines.

Your's, in haste,

C. FORTESCUE.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

I Tell you, Charles, that if you don't keep the dog, you are ruined for ever: read the enclosed, and then you will understand me.

Methinks you have read it now; lifting up eyes and hands to heaven, and railing against all your evil stars—Well—if I were in your situation I should laugh continually at these misfortunes.—I would send some out-of-the-way comical letter to Sir Walter, that should make him postpone his intentions; swear there is some one here in love with Elvira, and make him

him waver in the intention of marrying, for fear his forehead might tell tales: but have a care—if *you* attempt the least witty answer, your guardian, with some reason, would suspect you were not the writer.

I am sadly perplexed here too.—Mr. Emmet, notwithstanding all my pains, has found out Louisa's lodging, and means to pursue his scheme: all my dependance is upon Mr. Moreland's attention. He tells me some stranger has been with Miss Armitage already—a man too.—I have my suspicions; but Moreland has promised to watch him again, and give me a perfect description of him. If it be not Mr. Emmet, I am satisfied: if it is, I will discover his designs.

I am

I am looking for Master Moreland, to see Mr. Evans on the business of the enclosed; and if the old gentleman has any objections, which I hope he will, from what has been mentioned already at Dr. Browne's, I think Sir Walter will decline his intentions.

Your's,

W. JEFFERSON.

SIR

SIR WALTER HEADSTRONG,

TO

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

I Request you will wait upon Mr. Evans immediately, and apprise him of my intentions to visit London in a few days.—Miss Evans has, by her behaviour, now convinced me of her love ; so that I will see Mr. Evans, and settle the marriage-business immediately.

I would set off for London to-night, but having lost my dear favourite dog Cæsar, I cannot think of leaving this till I have found him.—I fear Mr. Frampton's late servant (a drunken, idle dog) has done something with
VOL. II. S him ;

him; however, I have put in a *catching* advertisement, and make no doubt but I shall discover the truth.—I will defer a relation of further particulars till I see you.—I hope you are perfectly recovered now.—Mr. Norfolk has not paid me the bottle of wine yet, nor won't, he says, till I return from London; as then, he will be better satisfied.—What unaccountable perverseness!

Your's,

W. HEADSTRONG.

CHARLES

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

T O

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

OH! my Friend, I received your favour when too late.—I left the dog at Mr. Frampton's the succeeding morning, and Sir Walter leaves Dublin to-morrow.—Oh! William, contrive every means to amuse my guardian from his purpose: let word be left at the Temple that I am gone to some part of the country for my health; also at the Coffee-house where he directs his letters. If he asks my direction, they must not know; but say I send up once a week for my letters. In the mean time I shall discover myself to Mr. and Mrs. Frampton;

ton; and, with my Elvira's consent, avow my love, and depend upon their pity.—I must lose no time—now or never.—Oh! Fortune, for once smile propitious, and assist my bold endeavours!

Your's, &c.

C. FORTESCUE.

P. S. My guardian goes by the Head.—I think proper to give you this hint, as perhaps you may improve by it.—Suppose you send some one to detain him. Would it not be a good scheme?

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE improved upon your hint, and think in such a manner that it will be to our mutual advantage ; but I shall proceed regularly in my account, not like my countrymen, *begin* with the *end*, and *end* with the *beginning*—A little patience and you shall hear.

By the description which Mr. Moreland gave me of the new visitor to Louisa, no doubt remained of its being Mr. Emmet.—I confess my fears returned, and I scarcely knew what I was about.—Understanding the hour

S 3

that

that he was to repeat his visit, by the assumed name of Cumberland, I wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. Groveby, but in such a manner that I should never be ashamed to avow it.—To satisfy your curiosity I have preserved a copy, and shall here transcribe it.

To MR. GROVEBY.

“SIR,

“Though anonymous letters are, for the most part, deemed the offspring of envy and malice, yet believe me, Sir, that this is entirely of a contrary nature;—in respect, I may say a friendship, for all the parties, have induced me to it; and such is my embarrassed situation, that I cannot avow myself, at least *yet*, without suffering much
in

in the opinion of *some* of my friends.—
A gentleman, who, though known to you, is unfortunately unknown to your niece, has taken the advantage of her being removed from you, and, under a borrowed name, intends to run away with Miss Armitage. I will not say *seduce*, because I am sure he means to marry her.—This gentleman is that unfortunate Emmet, who, driven to despair by the absence of his dear-loved daughter, has now no other remedy he thinks of recovering his child, but by connecting himself with your family—if (and as I make no doubt) you are averse to such connection, you would do well, I think, to inform the unhappy father of what he wishes to know, and thereby wean him from his distracted resolution.—The name he assumes, is, I understand, Cumberland;

Cumberland; and, on account of Miss Armitage's dangerous situation, I am very much alarmed.—Though much may be said against, yet more can be urged for Mr. Emmet's behaviour—His ill-judged contrivances, I know, proceed from infatuation and despair.—Consider, Sir, he is a father and a man—as the latter, he must be subject to frailties, and as a parent, must feel his distresses.—Indeed, Sir, it is hard he should not see his child—he had not much enjoyment in his matrimonial connection; and now, in the decline of life, he needs some consolation.—As he has told his Story, I attribute the chief part of his sufferings more to the failings of fortune than nature; but if he was a bad husband, there is reason to think he will be a good father.—You, Sir, nor his
uncle,

uncle, have, nor never had, any children, therefore cannot feel what he suffers.—I do not write from any interested motive—No—I am, be assured Sir, as great a friend to you (if not greater) as to him.—I am known to all; but for the present, or until this unhappy matter be cleared up, think it most prudent to remain

“ A STRANGER.”

Now Charles, you shall hear the result of this.

Early in the morning, previous to Mr. Cumberland's promised visit, Mr. Groveby came to Hampstead.—I believe he meant to have spoken to me first; but rising before him, I got the start, and, according to my intention, breakfasted with Miss Armitage.—Her uncle arrived before we had done
—He

—He seemed very well satisfied at seeing me; and, after some minutes hesitation, took out the stranger's letter, and put it into my hands.—I read it over with seeming attention, but was at the same time considering how I should act.—Louisa, not supposing it was concerning her, left the parlour, to take a turn, as was usual, in the garden.—I took this opportunity of speaking very feelingly to Mr. Groveby; assuring him, that the writer of this was apparently his friend, and that I would advise him by all means, without taking further notice of the letter, to tell his niece in the most affectionate manner, who this Mr. Cumberland is.

“I thank you for the hint—I will.”

Saying this, he followed Miss Armitage to the garden—they were for a long time together. I would not interrupt

interrupt them, so remained in the parlour by myself. — Mr. Groveby now returned, bade me good-day, and made an abrupt departure.—Presently after I saw his niece—but her eyes, “like April suns in showers,” convinced me of her sorrow.

“What ails you, Miss Armitage?—You have been weeping.”—

“I thank you, Mr. Jefferson—I do sincerely.”—

“For what, my dear?”—

“Your kindness.—I was very imprudent indeed—but your good nature—I shall never forget it—has saved me from imminent ruin—My uncle shewed me your letter.”

“Mine!”——

“Yes—I know the writing, and it does you honour—You were exceedingly kind, and I admire your delicacy too.—

too.—Oh Sir, I did not personally know Mr. Emmet—or—but the danger is over—I will be denied to him to-day.”

I was silent; for I did not think it prudent now to deny what was so palpable.

I made many apologies for the secret manner I had taken to disclose this affair. The generous Louisa interrupted me in them all, with flattering encomiums upon my conduct. She was convinced, she said, that I regarded her, and in return she regarded me.—I could not but rejoice at this happy circumstance, which induced so favourable a confession.—I acknowledged my acquaintance with Mr. Emmet, and told her the means we became gracious.—I made some remarks on his Story, and thought that he was hardly
used ;

used; but Louisa hinted a thing, which indeed startled me.

“My uncle (cried she) has just assured me that Mr. Emmet has already a wife.”

“Already!—then he is a villain.”

“Yes, already—A wife he does not see—a wife that he has left behind—and it is on this account, my uncle told me, his child is concealed.”

I was thunderstruck—Yes—I saw the matter plainly, and began to think that Mr. Emmet was indeed a *bad man*.

After further, but unnecessary, remarks upon his character, I left my dear Louisa, in hopes that I might meet Master Moreland, and contrive some means of serving my friend; which I flatter myself I have done most effectually.

My search for the wild *King Richard* was at present in vain: however, a thought struck me that Mr. Emmet was *my* man for *your* business: besides, as his character was so very dubious, I still feared his designs might be injurious to Louisa, and naturally wished my rival-enemy away.—Happily, while my thoughts were ripe, I met him—But Oh Charles! his dejection spoke his disappointment; and I read plotting despair in his countenance.

“I am glad I saw you, (cried Emmet)—I am discovered.—Some secret, lurking enemy, has told Mr. Groveby my designs, and he has told my uncle; who ———.”

“How?”———

“I can’t tell you how; but when I paid my designing visit to Miss Armistage, she was denied—Denied, though
she

she promised to be at home—Denied, though she *was* at home.”

“ But are you sure ? ”

“ Perfectly.—I met my uncle a little after. He stared at my new cloaths, and asked me was I going to be married.”

“ But (added he) Louisa won’t have you—No, Mr. *Cumberland*—However I’ll get you a wife ; and one that *will* have you.—I am going a long journey about her to-morrow : you had better wait for her—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, Jack—A good proverb that ! ”

I was so angry about the discovery of my scheme, that I paid but little attention to his sarcastic humour ; and told him, in plain English, I did not desire any thing but my child from him ; and *her* I would have imme-

diately, if Law or Equity could recover her.

“Very well—very well, Jack—But you won’t have the wife—then you shan’t.

‘He that would not when he may,

‘When he would, he shall have nay.’

A good proverb that!——Good-day—It will be some time before you see me again.”

“In this manner my inexorable uncle left me.—Vexation encreased my sorrow, and my resolution became more firm.—I am determined, spite of my uncle and Louisa’s, to enjoy Miss Armistage before to-morrow night.”

It was with much ado, indeed, that I could govern my passion; but imagining Art would be of more advantage than Rage, I still disguised my thoughts, and appeared the friend—

Nay,

Nay, I hope I *was* a friend—for certainly the poor man was blinded with his passion.—I could not, however, forget Mr. Groveby's insinuation that he had a wife already. In this I was candid, and taxed him with it: but really, Charles, his evident astonishment, and bold denial of the matter, led me afterwards to suppose that Mr. Groveby asserted it to make Louisa more cautious.—I was sorry now that I mentioned this matter; as it only enraged Mr. Emmet more, and spurred him on to his design.—He was resolved, he said, to acquit himself by letter, and thereby inform Miss Armistage of his whole Story.—This, I assure you, my Friend, alarmed me; and I thought it high time to devise something for both our sakes.

While I was thinking, I saw at a distance my old acquaintance, Mr. Stephenson, whom I had not seen since I slept at his house.—I own I was anxious to speak to him; and begged Mr. Emmet (as he was not willing to be seen) to wait my return in a coffee-house next us.—This he did; and after saluting the old gentleman with a hearty shake of the hand, we exchanged the usual compliments; among which, having enquired for Mrs. Stephenson, he told me that his wife was with a poor unfortunate lady who had been delirious for several years, but now happily recovered by means of Dr. Browne.

I immediately conceived this lady to be Elvira's mother; but, to be more sure, asked if she had any children.

“ Yes—

“ Yes—A daughter in Dublin, (but he would not mention any names) who is upon the point of marrying a very wealthy Baronet ; but till the consummation of the rites, will not be permitted by her guardians to see London.—Her mother, however, not having seen her from her childhood, is determined (with the leave of Dr. Browne, and indeed, the persuasions of some friends) to go to her, in company with her daughter’s guardian.”

I knew this to be Mr. Evans, and was determined to make some use of the information.—He added that the Baronet was on his way to London ; but they intended to meet him.—I also discovered that Elvira’s mother was the sick lady whom the Bloomer family visited at Mrs. Montague’s.—Great secrecy, I understand was observed,

served, for fear her insanity might injure the daughter.

Mr. Stephenson, in his turn, asked me some questions; particularly about Emmet.—I told him he was still in great distress for his concealed daughter.—He said he sincerely pitied, and hoped all would be well soon—“ for (added he) when I had read his Story, and notwithstanding his late cruelty to Mrs. Stephenson, I saw his uncle, and spoke very much in his behalf.—However, this good man (I say *good*, for though whimsical in many things, he has much humanity) means that his daughter shall be settled before he sees her.—His child is in good hands—his friend’s, Mr. Supple’s—and when you meet Mr. Emmet, I beg you will let him know (without mentioning your
author)

author) that he will see his child in less than a month."

This was agreeable news to me; for I maintained some hopes of amusing the father till about that time; and before which, I flattered myself, I could secure Miss Armitage.

Though in a hurry now to leave Mr. Stephenson, I could not forbear scrutinizing into Mr. Groveby's assertion: for I assure you, Charles, that if I were assured Mr. Emmet was guilty of a base—a wicked action—(as certainly it would be, if he has a wife and wishes to have another) I would not only despise, but drop his acquaintance.—However, Mr. Stephenson, on my saying that I heard Mr. Emmet had a wife alive, smiled, and said with an air of humour, but in a downright negative manner—"If he has, it must be unknown

known to himself. I know it is so reported; but Mr. Emmet, I am convinced, bears no guilt."

This was sufficient.—I prepared for taking leave.—The old man would have detained me longer, with many frivolous questions, particularly if I knew of a fit person for an attorney's apprentice, &c. &c. but making laconic answers, and plainly confessing my hurry, I promised to call the next morning, and accordingly ran away to the coffee-house.

Thinking this the best time for putting our scheme into execution, I met Emmet with assumed joy, and assured him I had happy news for him.

"What?—What?"——

"You shall see your daughter!"

"Indeed!——How?—When?"——

His

His eyes sparkled with undissembled pleasure, and in every look, in every action, the father was confessed.

“ In a month : but perhaps sooner, if you are willing to postpone your intentions of marriage.”

“ Oh ! (cried he, with starting tears) Go on—Miss Armitage is nothing to me—she is no wife now—consequently my daughter is nearer, and dearer !”

“ Well, (for now I was summoning all my best thoughts) I hear that your daughter is under the protection of Mr. Supple. I cannot find out where that gentleman lives, but perhaps may lead to a discovery. There is a Baronet, a Sir Walter Headstrong, on his way from Dublin here. He comes by the Head ; and to meet, I understand, a gentleman in London, whom he does not personally know. Now, if you
would

would personate that gentleman, and meet Sir Walter, by detaining or going with him to Dublin, I make no doubt but you will discover Mr. Supple, and of course your child."

He asked me several pertinent questions with great impatience, but particularly what Sir Walter was coming here about.—I confessed it was a marriage, in which the old gentleman's consent was required; and intimated a wish that the Baronet should not succeed in his endeavours.

"A match!—Tell me (added he, with equal ardour) what is the gentleman's name that I am to personate."

"A Mr. Evans."

"Evans! (echoed he with astonishment)—Evans!—Enough—I thank you.—Yes—I will follow your advice—Oh! lucky moment—my heart
tells

tells me I will succeed!—Good-day: I must take my place in the stage-coach immediately.—Farewell.”

This I thought promised well. I don't know whether Charles may see it in the light I do; but I know the disposition of Emmet so perfectly, that I am assured he will prevent Sir Walter, by either a multiplicity of questions or remarks, from pursuing his design. Do you then lose no time in securing Elvira.

A little after, I met Master Moreland, and was determined to make some use of him too. He had on a new suit of cloaths, to cut a figure, no doubt, before a theatrical manager; for which, I suppose, he borrowed the twenty pounds. He asked me if I had made the promised application about him: I gave him an affirmative answer: and as a new scheme that instant oc-

curred, which would not only I thought be productive of much sport, but be also of service to our other plot, (being, perhaps, the means of delaying Mr. Evans, and preventing him from overtaking Mr. Emmet) I assured him there was a manager who was now going to Dublin in order to provide a company; and adding that he wanted a *Romeo* immediately, advised him by all means to see him in the morning early, and told him he might use the name of Sir Walter Headstrong (an acquaintance of mine) as a further recommendation; but not to take notice of his whimsicalities; for he was such a strange character, I said, that he very often denied his profession for the sake of proving the effrontery of his candidates.

“ But take no notice, (continued I) say you will go to Dublin with him,
and

and give him a *touch* of Macbeth, Pierre, or whatever you please."

"I will, 'pon my life," promised the poor rejoiced dupe, who left me immediately to study a new character for the awful trial.

I hope my friend will allow the superiority of my devices now. If I find that you are not a happy man in your next letter, I will call you a very *wretched* adventurer indeed.

Adieu.

W. JEFFERSON.

P. S. A message from Mr. Groveby. He wishes to see me immediately at Hampstead, where he is gone again.—What in the name of wonder can it be? But why need I ask *you*—Soon as my friseur has completed my dress, I will know.

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

T O

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

YES, my Friend, I am now a happy man.—I will not weary your patience with tedious comments upon Mr. Frampton's benevolence, but only say that he did all in his power to accelerate my felicity. He proposed the wedding before Sir Walter returned; assuring me, he would take upon himself all the fault, and insure a reconciliation.

We were married last Monday, and in the evening Miss Underwood was invited: she brought with her Mrs. Walpole; and *she* brought with her Mr. Norfolk. Thus, my Friend, though
one

one was invited, three assembled.—Mr. Norfolk was very facetious upon seeing me, as likewise were the ladies.

“ Oh ! (exclaimed Norfolk) I shall laugh heartily at my friend Sir Walter.—’Egad it will be a double disappointment—he will not only lose his wager, but his mistress.—Oh ! it will be rare sport : I shall enjoy it truly.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, to our general astonishment, Sir Walter entered. He was followed by Mr. Emmet, of whom you had written so much.

“ Good Heavens ! (cried Elvira, seeing the stranger) that is the gentleman who insulted me in London !”

I recollected him too, and must confess that this circumstance turned me exceedingly against Emmet ; but the confusion at seeing my guardian, de-

prived me of all utterance. He looked at me very sternly: the jocular Norfolk advancing, asked him for his bottle of wine; but Emmet, whose eyes till now were rivetted upon Elvira, turned about, and seeing Frampton, cried out with loud exultation—"Oh *Mr. Supple*, I rejoice to see you!"

"Sir, (interrupted my guardian) that is Mr. Frampton."

"But I confess my name was Supple. On the day of my marriage I was obliged to take my wife's, as she was an heiress, and drop my own; therefore Mr. Emmet is right."

"Mr. Emmet!—Sir! (interrupted my guardian again) this is Mr. Evans."

"No Sir, my name is Emmet.—I personated my uncle, by the advice of my friend Jefferson."

"What!"

“What! William Jefferson!—Oh! I always knew he was a *mischievous dog*,” cried my guardian.

“I came (continued Emmet) to find my long lost child.”

“And I will restore her to you—here Sir, she is—and with her—a son—Charles Fortescue, her husband.”

“Oh! my child, my child!—Yes—I know you now: and I *did* know you before, when I met you in London.—I saw your poor mother in your face; therefore I followed you, even against the will of this gentleman.”

“Oh! my father! (cried poor Elvira, bursting into tears)—this is a parent more than I expected.”

They embraced and wept in each other's arms.—I assure you, William, there was not a dry-eyed spectator in
the

the room.—Mr. Emmet also embraced me.

Soon as Sir Walter had recovered from his astonishment, he enquired the meaning of all this, and if his ward was married to *his* Elvira.

“Yes Sir, (rejoined Mr. Frampton)—but you must consider, Sir, that Charles had your consent to marry an heiress, whenever he could meet one; and now Sir, that Elvira is known to be the daughter of Mr. Emmet, she is also known to possess twenty thousand pounds; and I rejoice that she has met a man who has married her not for her money but herself.”

Mr. Norfolk laughed heartily at Sir Walter, who finding it all against him, called me, after you, a *mischievous dog*, and so laughed too.

But

But the scene became very serious again, when Mr. Emmet understood his wife was alive. Hearing of her late insanity (on which account she was kept away from him) and her now happy recovery, he clasped his hands, thanked God, and burst into tears. On being assured that he should shortly see her, he became more appeased, and the remainder of the evening was spent in the celebration of our wedding.

(In Continuation.)

To-day Mrs. Emmet and Mr. Evans arrived: the latter was much surprised on hearing of his nephew's arrival; but after uttering a proverb or two, seemed very well satisfied. The husband concealed him till the meeting between the happy mother and daughter was over. Affecting indeed it was! I dreaded every moment

moment that Mrs. Emmet would be seized with a relapse; but her senses were still perfect.—By the care and prudence of Mr. Evans, I understood that Mrs. Emmet never supposed her husband dead; so that this next meeting was not so alarming as I dreaded.—Emmet, indeed, betrayed the most evident signs of joy: he wept, clasped his hands repeatedly, and embraced his dear dear wife, and dear dear daughter alternately.

“There! (cried Mr. Evans) I have provided you with a wife now.”

“And I thank you, uncle,” cried the grateful Emmet.

All animosity ceased: Sir Walter forgave me; and Evans shook hands with his nephew.

Thus William, you see how things unexpectedly turn out.—Mr. Emmet
has

has a wife without being a villain, and I am married to an heiress, though in pursuit of no fortune. I hope my friend will soon follow my example, and commence a married man; for I understand from Elvira the match is agreed upon.—Let me know how the *King Richard* (or whatever you are pleased to call him) came off, as Mr. Evans has not mentioned a word of it.—My only wish now is, to have my friend and his *cara sposa* with us; and this is Elvira's prayer too. She sends you her compliments, requests you will remember her to Miss Armitage, and tell her of our happiness.

I am,

Your's,

C. FORTESCUE.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

I Have the pleasure to inform my dear friend that Louisa and I were married yesterday morning; and as it is my intention, with the leave of her uncle, to introduce her to my Irish acquaintances, I shall defer all other particulars till we meet together. I will only add, for your present entertainment, the remainder of Master Moreland's story.

According to my advice he waited upon Mr. Evans about the time the old gentleman intended to commence his journey. He told him, that being apprized of his going to Dublin, he came

to

to offer his services.—Mr. Evans stared; and upon his mentioning Sir Walter's name, (as I bade him) requested to know how he meant to serve him.—A very comical scene ensued.—The mistaken spouter told his business, and was giving a specimen of his abilities, when the old gentleman endeavoured to convince him of his mistake; but Moreland, mindful of what I had told him, persisted in calling him a manager, and, spite of his interruptions, proceeded in his Romeo—

“Wert thou as young as I—Juliet thy love—”

“I say, you are all wrong.”—

Upon which our young actor began again, “Wert thou as young as I,” &c. in hopes to be right; and, by his repetitions, so teased poor Mr. Evans,

that the old gentleman fell into a violent rage, and called him a villain.

“Tibalt, (cried Master Moreland)

“The reason that I have to love thee,
“Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
“To such a greeting.—*Villain* I am none,
“Therefore farewell—I see thou know’st me
not.”

“Oh! Farewell—Farewell”—cried the old gentleman; but after all, could not get rid of him.—An explanation ensued.—Mr. Evans lost his seat in the stage-coach by this delay; and Master Moreland finding his mistake, began to be ashamed of himself, and came to upbraid me.—I took this opportunity of *upbraiding him* for his folly, and by some timely observations convinced him of it.—He consented to return to his father and mother, upon my assuring

furing him he should go to school no more, but enter upon some genteel employment; and recollecting Mr. Stephenson's wish to have an apprentice, I mentioned it to his father; then with his and the son's consent, brought him to Mr. Stephenson, and hope I have made them all happy.

Mr. Evans was extremely vexed that he had lost his seat; but recollecting one of his proverbs, "Haste makes waste," he waited very patiently till the next coach came.

and no more adventures
must meet
Certainly, were
our misadventures and disappointments put together, they would afford much entertainment: nor could any, I think, who
would

Henry

would read the history of WILLIAM and CHARLES, deny but what they were BOLD ADVENTURERS.—Compliments to Mrs. Fortescue, Mr. Emmet, &c. and believe me,

Your's sincerely,

W. JEFFERSON.



v